

No.
167
June
'74
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MAD

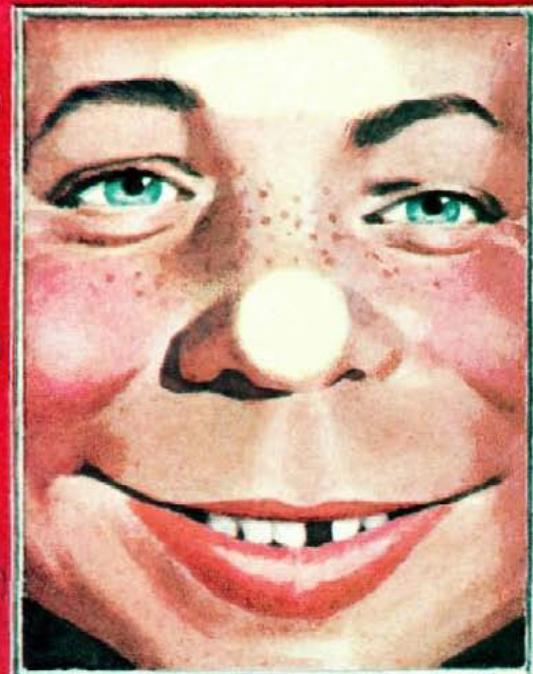
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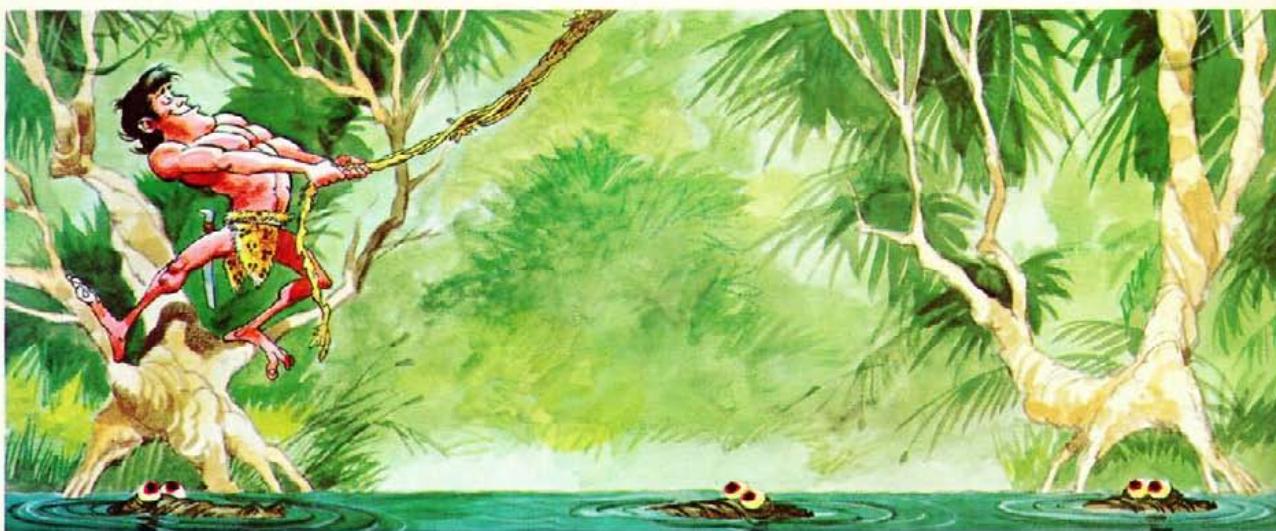
40¢

CHEAP

IN CASE OF
WORRY
BREAK OPEN
THIS ISSUE



A SWINGING JUNGLE TALE



MAD

"Don't worry about forgetting your girl-friend's birthday:
you'll catch it later!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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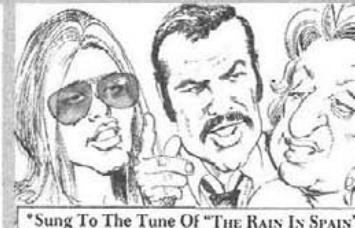
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Printed in U.S.A.

"MY FAIR
LADDIE"
(A MAD
MUSICAL)
Pg. 4

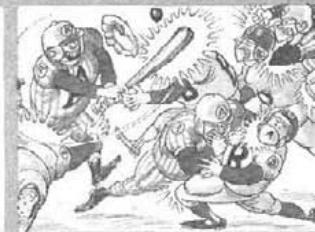


"Sung To The Tune Of 'THE RAIN IN SPAIN'"



MAD'S
KARATE MOVIE
PRODUCER
OF THE YEAR
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THE
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GAME OF
BASEBRAWL
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THE
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OF SAN
FRANCISCO
Pg. 43

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Yep, we predict we'll be depressed again when no one responds to this ad offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping apples. However, you can keep us off the bread line, by pulling your bread on the line! Mainly, send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADISON Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



8 "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES

My loyal Korean manservant, Oddish, got hold of my MAD and read your "8 'James Bond' Bomb Movies". He wanted to tip his hat to everybody responsible, especially Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker, but I talked him out of it by showing him your good articles.

Richard Kyle
Long Beach, Calif.

All I could think of during "Live And Let Die" was how did a movie like that ever get anyone as talented as Paul McCartney to write a song for it? Arnie Kogen and Mort Drucker are over-qualified, too, but give them my congratulations, anyway!

Helene Lebavitz
Northbrook, Ill.

I am an avid James Bond fan, having seen every 007 film three times. Thank goodness you finally decided to honor my hero. At least, I think it was an honor.

Scott (007) Minty
Anaheim, Calif.

It really "exploded" on me! Drucker and Kogen are accurate BOMBardiers.

Steve Cianci
Ozane Park, N.Y.

UNAVOIDABLE EXERCISES

I laughed at "Unavoidable Exercises For The Urban Dweller" until I went... OUTSIDE!

Andrew Gordon
New York, N.Y.

HEADS... YOU LOSE!

I loved the poster on the back of issue #165. It was so sad, but perhaps it will be a joyful eye-opener to those who'll realize they can live without it... drugs!

Kristen McCarley
Los Angeles, Calif.

Referring to your back cover, "Heads... You Lose!", to me that was a great service! In the past, you've utilized your back covers for many serious statements regarding the evils of smoking, drugs and political corruption. Your funny bone has lots of spine!

Adam Yeomans
Ft. Myers, Fla.

DON MARTIN COVER

The cover of your March issue was great! That's one way to save gas.

Bruce Myers
Vineland, N.J.

Don Martin's DRIVE-O-MAT cover was contrived and senseless! Who else but Alfred would take a thing like that out on the open road...?

Nora Sheehan
Rumson, N.J.

Apparently, someone else would, as Don indicates in his cover follow-up, "One Minute Later On The Same Highway."—Ed.



TICKET DETERRENTS

Dick De Bartolo forgot one very sure-fire summons dodge in his "Sure-Fire Ticket Deterrents For Frustrated Drivers", a note that will melt the heart of any policeman:

Officer—

I subscribe to
MAD Magazine.
Don't you think I have
enough problems already...?

Michael Wittenberg
Springfield, N.J.

"REALISTIC SCHOOL OF MEDICINE"

I noticed that in the entire article "MAD Visits The Realistic School Of Medicine", there is only one woman student involved. This is an "unrealistic" bias, but maybe you know that no woman would go to a school like that, or, for that matter, could ever become a lousy doctor.

Rebecca Caplan
Lexington, Mass.

As a new Physician, Ohio State, Class of 1972, I nearly laughed myself sick over the "Realistic School Of Medicine" article by Larry Siegel and Paul Coker. They deserve the Teakwood Tongue Depressor Award for their astute diagnosis. Don't ever get bed-ridden, if you know what's good for you!

Linda Parenti, M.D.
Akron, Ohio

THE DULLTONS

I don't think it's fair that you make fun of a perfectly good program like "The Waltons". If you think that you need violence, action, controversy, cops, private-eyes, crime and bloodshed, then go cut your wrist. You'll get action! Just because you don't have any sense, don't pick on something that does. Try growing up. I'm only twelve but that's how I look at it.

Tammy Blanchard
Fairhaven, Mass.

Maybe "The Waltons", which Lou Silvestrone and Angelo Torres deflate as "The Dulltons", is calculated to make us count our blessings. Well, it doesn't work! I confess that I watch the show, but in the true American Way, I ask myself: What are the Rockefellers doing tonight?

Elaine Schmidt
Levittown, Pa.

LIGHTER SIDE OF COLD WEATHER

Sorry I waited so long to compliment Dave Berg on his chilling "Lighter Side Of Cold Weather", but the day I went out to mail the letter, the mailbox lid was frozen shut.

Charles Schor
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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- DON MARTIN Cooks
- DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- DON MARTIN Carries On
- DAVE BERG Looks at the U.S.A.
- DAVE BERG Looks at People
- DAVE BERG Looks at Things

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THE
BOOKS CHECKED BELOW:

- DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
- DAVE BERG Our Sick World
- DAVE BERG Looks at Living
- The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File
- 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY
- A MAD Look at Old Movies
- Return of MAD Old Movies
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- AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
- AL JAFFEE's MAD Book of Magic
- More AL JAFFEE Snappy Answers
- AL JAFFEE'S MAD Monstrosities
- Aragone's "Viva MAD!"
- Aragones's MAD about MAD
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They finally got around to showing "My Fair Lady" on TV. There was only one thing wrong. They were about five years too late! After all, what's relevant about a scheming man who transforms a low-class flower girl into an elegant lady? Today, it's *women* who are trying to change *men!* Namely . . . the Women's Liberationists, who are battling to reform the Male Chauvinist Pigs! Now, *that's relevant!* And so, with this in mind, MAD liberates this outdated musical with a new version—

MY

SCENE ONE: A Singles Bar In New York City...

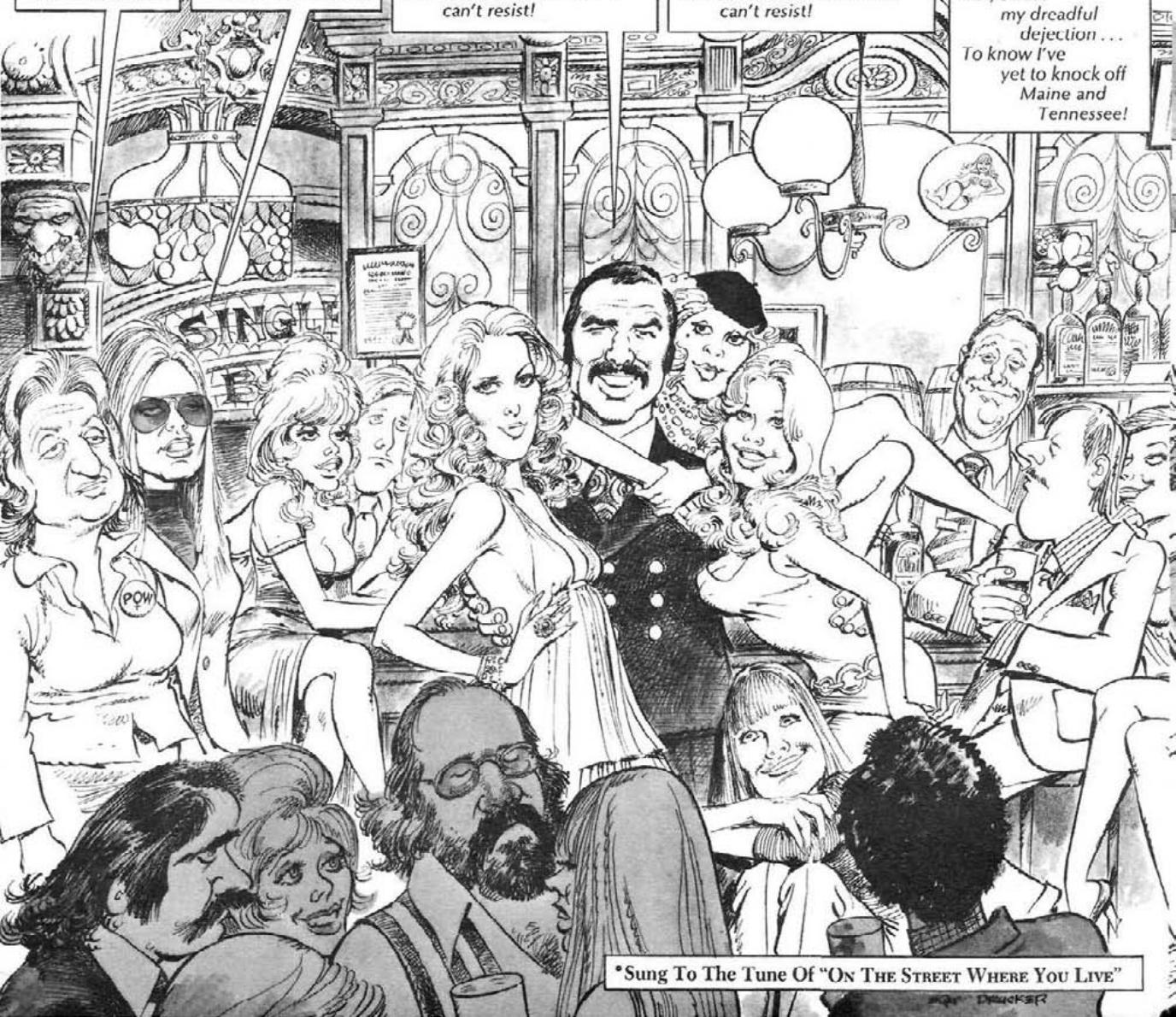
Henrietta, what are we doing here in this disgusting pig sty?? Why aren't we out doing something useful, like lynching David Susskind??

Because, Dickering . . . this is where it's really at! Observe the creature surrounded by fawning females! HE'S our REAL enemy! Just listen to his chauvinistic crowing!

*I have often scored with the stuff in here, Even though the competition's pretty rough in here; But so cool am I, They can't pass me by; I'm the stud that the chicks can't resist!

They're all mine to use— That's no oddity; 'Cause I treat each one the same—like a commodity; Ev'ry week or two, There's a crop that's new For the stud that the chicks can't resist!

And, oh . . . the mammoth selection! From each State, they head straight for me! But, oh . . . my dreadful dejection . . . To know I've yet to knock off Maine and Tennessee!



FAIR LADDIE

Still I can't resist
the high yield in here,
And each night you'll find me
harvesting the field in here;
They're all here, you see,
To be plucked by me!
I'm the stud that the chicks
can't resist!

Hey, I've
never seen
YOU before!
Either of
you broads
from Maine
or
Tennessee?

We are NOT
"broads"! We are
WOMEN! Probably
the ONLY ones
you've ever met!
I'm the National
President of POW!

I thought
POW
stood
for
Prisoner
Of
War!

It actually
stands for
"Power of
Women"!
But in
your case,
take your
choice!

Wow! You
come off
almost like
a MAN!!
So
do
you!

Henrietta,
don't stoop
to his level!
It's obvious
he doesn't
know what a
REAL woman
looks like!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

* We wear no
make-up on our face;
You'll find no
powder on our nose;
Our legs are
hairy as a Yak's;
Our pants-suits
hang like slacks;
Our bras, we've burned
Because we've learned—

Our bodies hunger to be free,
Oppressed no more by panty-hose;
We think that
perfume's hypocritical
and scarcely worth the fuss;
E-ven Aqua Velva is too
feminine for us;
We wear no frills or fancy lace,
No polish on our nails,
No make-up . . . on . . . our . . . face!

Come on! We're
wasting our
time! Let's
add him to our
Enemies List,
and get out
of here!

No, Dickering! Lance is
too much of a challenge!
Give me three months
with him and I bet you
I could change him into
The Perfect Man!

You're ON,
Henrietta!!
You couldn't
DRAG him
out of here!

Oh, no . . . ?!



* Sung To The Tune Of "I'VE CROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE!"

* I'll get to Lance tonight,
I'll get to Lance tonight,
Or else I'm on the spot;
I haven't time to wait,
'Cause if I hes-i-tate,
This show won't have a plot!

That sexist worm
Will bow and squirm before me;
Until he sees our cause is right;
I'll shift those gears of his;
I'll have him read-ing "Ms"!
I'll get to Lance, Lance, Lance—
To . . . night!



* Sung To The Tune Of "I Could Have Danced All Night"

Lance, I'll make a deal with you! Give me **THREE MONTHS** to change your life! When it's over, I'll pay you enough money for a **HUNDRED SWINGING WEEKENDS!!**

I think you're nuts, but for that kind of money, I'd do **ANYTHING** . . . even move in with you!

Exactly!!



Henrietta,
where will
you get
the money
to pay
Lance for
all those
WEEKENDS?

From POW's treasury!

But those funds are earmarked for special projects . . . like infiltrating Playboy Clubs . . . and blowing up Sperm Banks!!

Don't worry!
When I get through with
Lance, he'll be incapable
of demanding
ANYTHING,
no less money!



SCENE TWO:

Henrietta's Apartment, Two Months Later

Well, Dickering? Look at him . . . cooking the meals . . . washing the dishes . . . doing the laundry! Wouldn't you say that he's finally learning **EQUALITY**?

He's **STILL** a sexist! Last week, I found him caressing his dust mop!

Perhaps . . . if you ignore the fact that he'd turned the lights down low . . . opened a bottle of wine . . . and had The Living Strings playing "What Now My Love" on the stereo!



The other day, I actually overheard him propositioning three different telephone operators!

TWO of them invited him to spend a weekend! The **THIRD** one wanted to think it over!

Well,
at least
ONE had
good sense!

It
was
a
Recording!

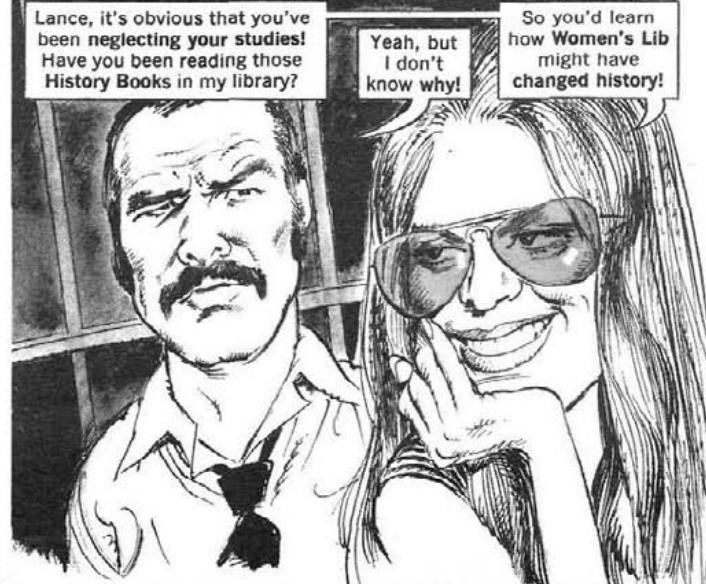
And they hung up on him, of course!



Lance, it's obvious that you've been neglecting your studies! Have you been reading those History Books in my library?

Yeah, but I don't know why!

So you'd learn how Women's Lib might have changed history!



* We know the way John Alden snowed Priscilla,
And Captain Stand-ish wound up double crossed;
We know the way John Alden snowed Priscilla—
But . . .

With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
She'd have told the pigs to both get lost!

With a little bit! With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib, she'd yell, "Get Lost!"

We saw Neil Arm-strong make the first moon land-ing;
Then venture out to see what he could find;
We saw Neil Armstrong make the first moon landing—
But . . .

With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
He'd have made that leap "for WO-MAN kind"!

With a little bit! With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib for womankind!

Oh . . .
We've been
taught Eve
came from
Adam,
But with a
little bit
of Lib,
She'd need
no rib!



The great da Vinci painted Mona Lisa;
Today the por-trait makes us ooh and ahh;
The great da Vinci painted Mona Lisa—
But . . .

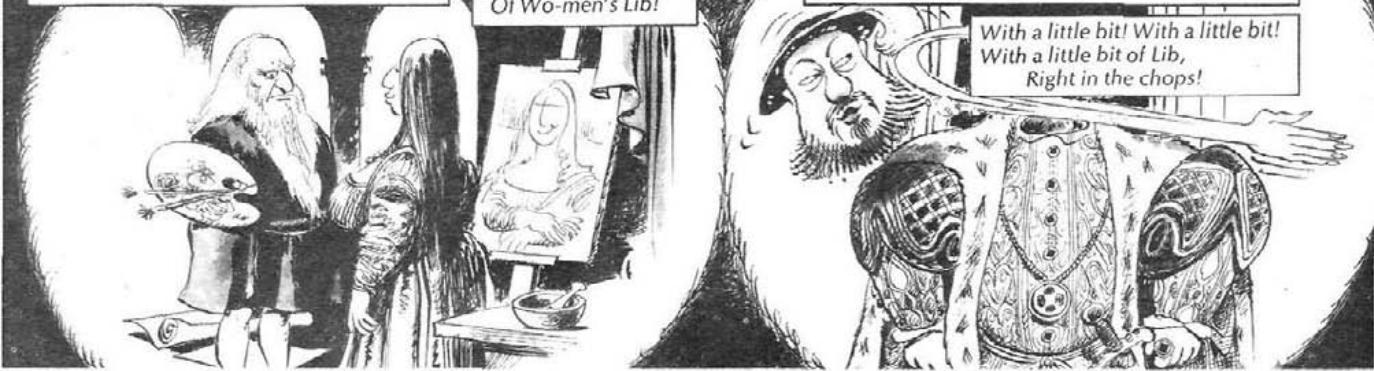
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
She'd have posed for him without a bra!

With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib
She'd wear no bra!
With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit
Of Wo-men's Lib!

We know the way King Henry killed his women:
How he declared as wives they all were flops!
We know the way King Henry killed his women—
But . . .

With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
They'd have zapped him with karate chops!

With a little bit! With a little bit!
With a little bit of Lib,
Right in the chops!



Queen Is-a-bella pawned her famous jew-els
To help Columbus find a brand-new land;
Queen Is-a-bella pawned her famous jew-els—
But . . .

With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
She'd have pawned her husband, Ferd-i-nand!

With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit
of Lib, no
Ferdinand!

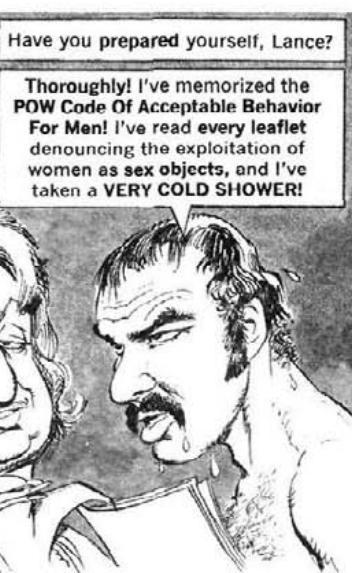
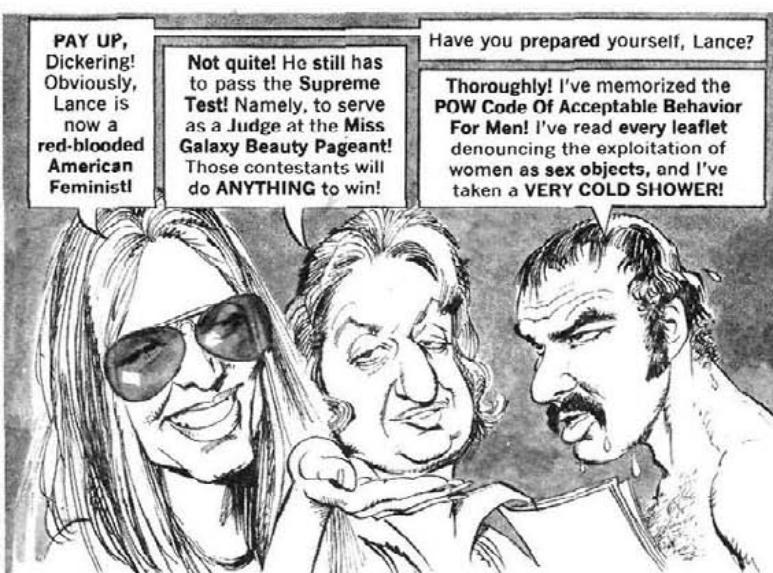
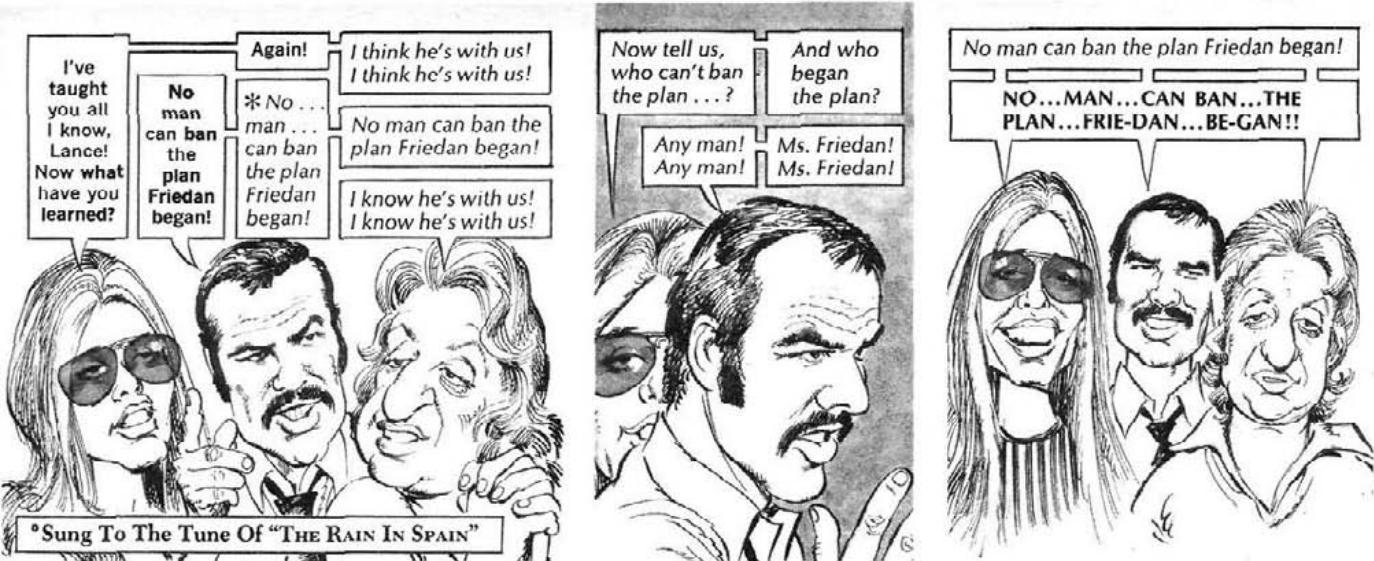
We're told the male sex
is the stronger!
But with a little bit
of Lib, it's all
a fib!

They went and carved men's faces on Mount Rushmore,
A more disgus-ing sight you'll never see;
They went and carved men's faces on Mount Rushmore—
But . . .

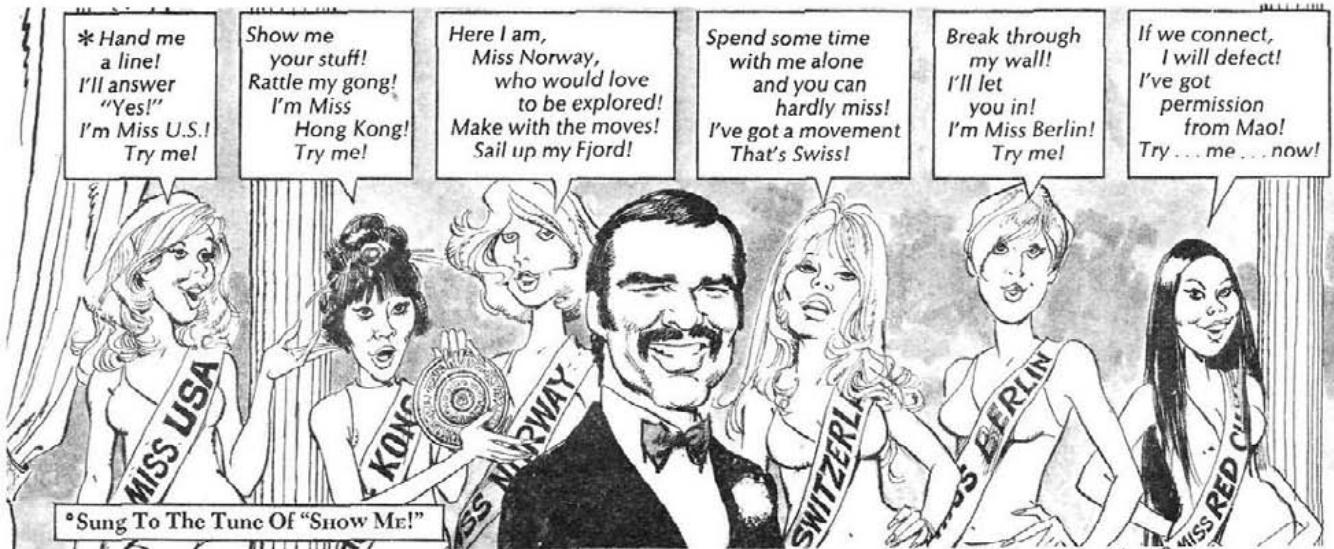
With a little bit of Lib,
With a little bit of Lib,
You'd see Bella, Shirley, you and me!

With a little bit,
With a little bit,
With a little bit
of Lib, up there
they'd be!
With a little bit!
With a little bit!
With a little bit
of Women's Lib!



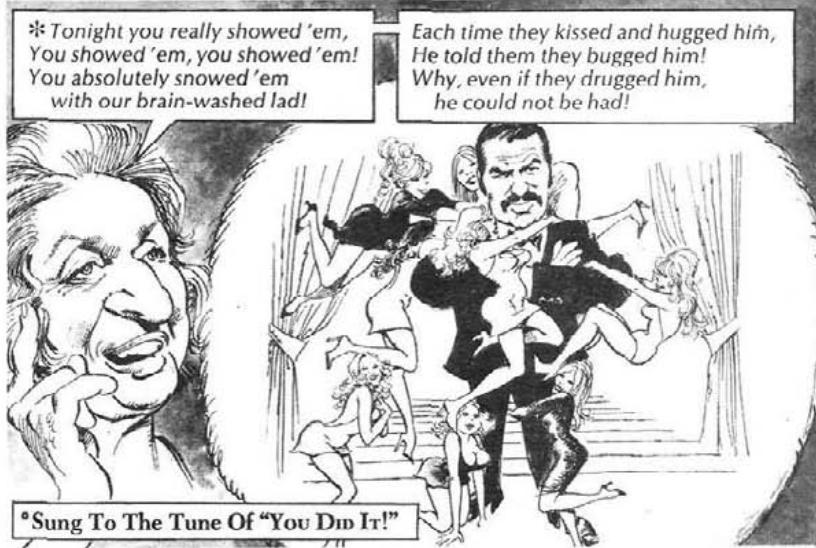


SCENE THREE: The Beauty Pageant





SCENE FOUR: Henrietta's Apartment



*You I hate, Henrietta, you I hate!
And I hope one day you find the perfect mate!
He'll come on like Warren Beatty,
Call you "Baby," "Dear" and "Sweetie"—
What a fate, Henrietta, what a fate!

As a wife, Henrietta, as a wife,
May your marriage be a monument to strife;
With a husband like a jailer
Who will quote from Norman Mailer—
And for life, Henrietta, and for life!

Ooooooooooh, Henrietta!
I can see you on your
deathbed weak and pale!
Ooooooooooh, Henrietta!
When it dawns on you that
God may be a **MALE!**

As the lights begin to dim
And you start to pray to **HIM!**
God will yell, Henrietta,
"Go to hell, Henrietta!
"You're...too...late!"

*Sung To The Tune Of "JUST YOU WAIT!"

SCENE FIVE: A Few Days Later

What's wrong
with Lance?
He hasn't
spoken to
me in three
whole days!

You know men . . .
how they sulk
when they feel
slighted! But I
patched things up!

How . . . ? What did you do . . . ?

I sent him roses and promised
to take him to the theater
tonight! He got so excited, he
ran out to have his hair done!

You know, Dickering?
Now that I've created
The Perfect Man, I
may just keep him!

Y-you'd marry Lance???

Well, he IS very good
around the house . . .
and I AM a woman with
normal, liberated
maternal urges! I can
see it all so clearly—



* All I want is a child to bear,
One to nourish with loving care,
As long as I'm not there—
Oh, wouldn't it be Motherly!

Boys or girls, they'd be raised the same,
And to save them from lives of shame,
They'd take my Maid-en Name—
Oh, wouldn't it be Motherly!

When—I visited them each Thursday
I'd find lots—to-do;
I would—read them "Old Queen Cole"—and
"Joan And The Beanstalk," too!



Changing diapers can be a bore;
Mid-night feed-ings are such a chore;
But what are husbands for?
Oh, wouldn't—it—be—Motherly!

Motherly!
Motherly!
Motherly!
Motherly!

*Sung To The Tune Of "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY"



Yes, Lance would make the ideal mate! I'll propose to him immediately after he makes his big debut!

His DEBUT?! Where . . . ?

As the Keynote Speaker at the POW National Convention!



SCENE SIX: The POW National Convention

Women of POW! We've suffered under men, but no longer! Men can be CHANGED to suit our liberated needs! As proof, I now present to you a former male pig whom I have reformed into The Perfect Man . . . Lance Doolittle! Sing, Lance!

* You'll wear the pants, all right, You'll wear the pants, all right, When you lay down the laws; You'll change the world's beliefs; At home you'll be the Chiefs— You know who'll be the Squaws!



* Sung To The Tune Of "I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT"

Though sexist pigs Like Bobby Riggs May taunt you, They've got no chance A-against your might!

Through rain and snow and hail, You'll crush the U.S. male! You'll wear the pants . . . Pants . . . pants . . . All right!

We won't stand for it, Henrietta!

For what?!? Creating The Perfect Man?

No . . . keeping him for yourself!!

We believe in equal rights for women!

So we're ALL going to have him! Try me, Lance—ME!!



I'm awfully sorry, Henrietta . . . but it seems I'm still irresistible to women!

* Once I was called a pig obnoxious, Scorned as a chauvinistic swine; Now that I've backed 'em, Wow! I attract 'em! These liberated chicks are mine!

I thought prosperity had ended, Just like the Crash of '29! Now they're investing! I'm not protesting! These liberated chicks are mine!

I heard these meetings were nothing scenes; But now I've found what "Lib-erated" means!

I thought my swinging days were ov-er, Now see them fight to get in line! I'm on their team now! My life's a dream now! These liberated chicks Who groove the latest kicks, These way-out liberated chicks—are—mine!

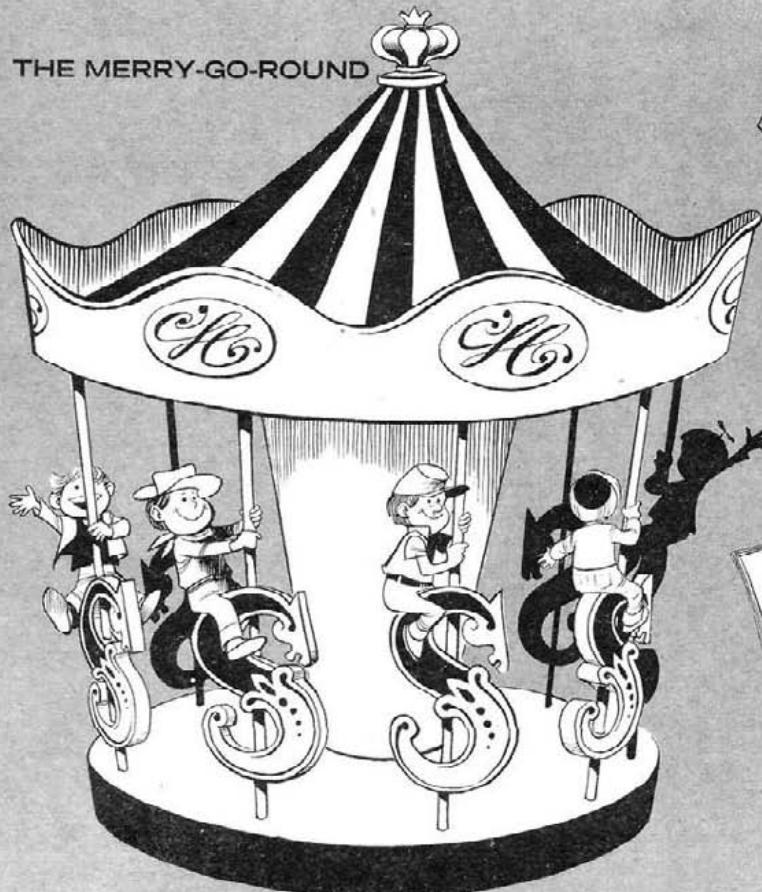


* Sung To The Tune Of "GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME"

BUCK FEVER DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT TH

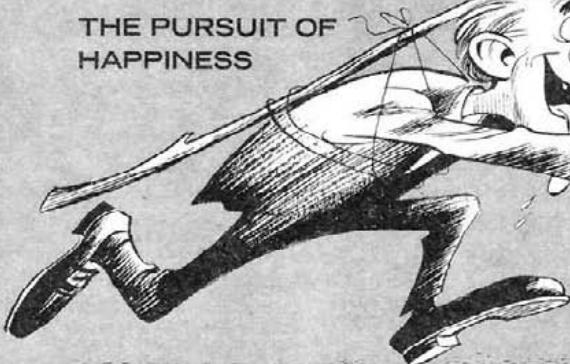
THE MERRY-GO-ROUND



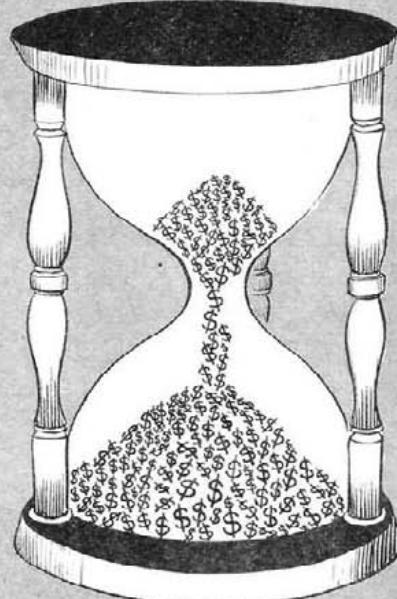
CARRYING CHARGE



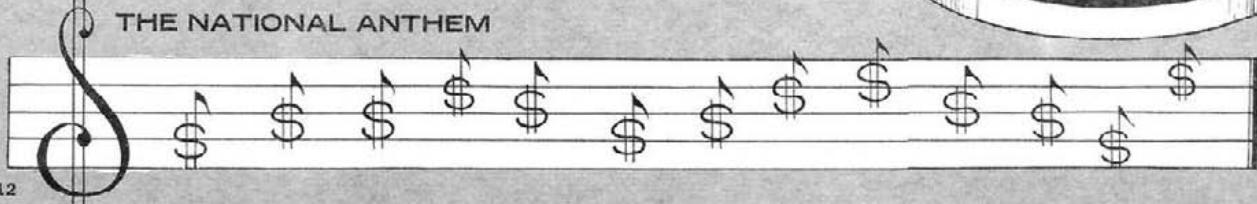
TIME IS MONEY



THE PURSUIT OF
HAPPINESS



THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

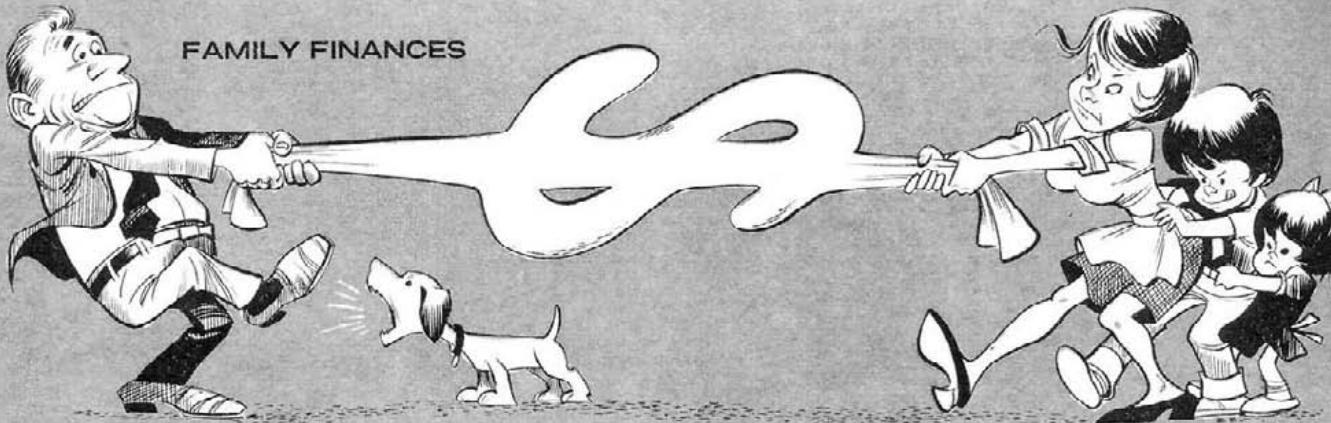


THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR SIGN

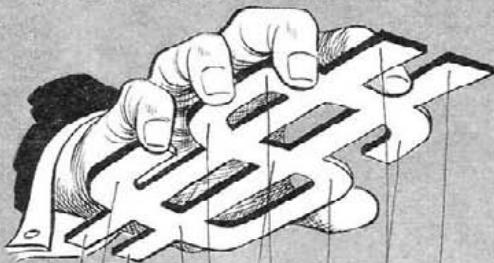
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

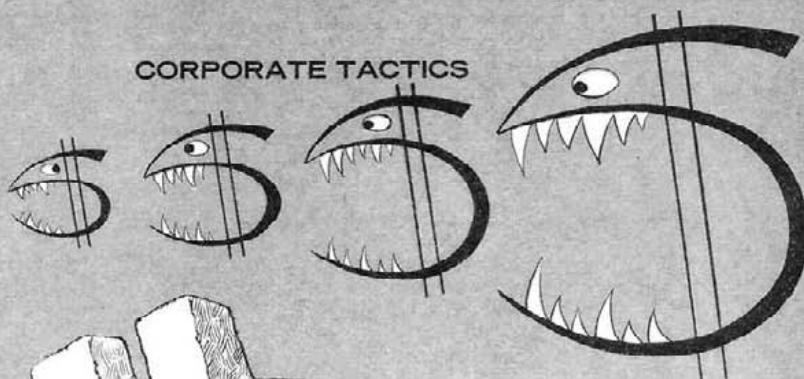
FAMILY FINANCES



POLITICAL CONTROL



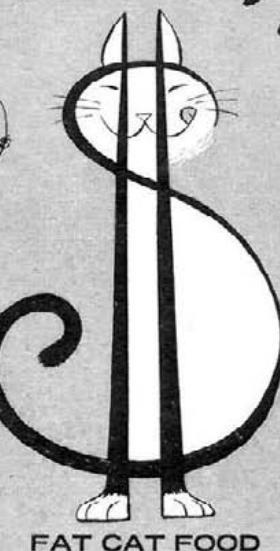
CORPORATE TACTICS



CREATIVE DRIVE



MILLIONS
FOR DEFENSE



WAR AND PEACE



CONSPICUOUS
CONSUMPTION



STRANGE
BEDFELLOWS

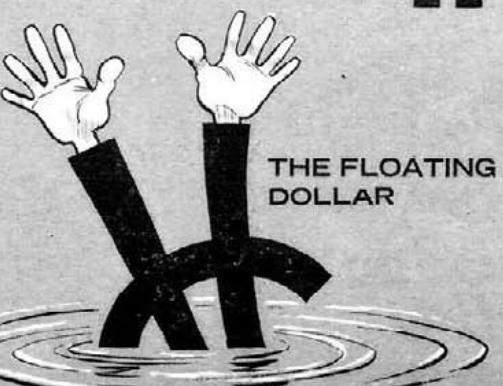


THE HIGH COST OF LIVING



THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

DOLLAR
DIPLOMACY



HACK FILM-MAKER DEPT.

Hello! I'm Mike Malice . . . and today we're going to do an "in depth" study of a recent Business Phenomenon! That's why I'm here with Mr. Kim Sai Shee, who has just been named

MAD'S "KARATE MOVIE" PRODUCER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Shee . . .

Noo goo gai kee!

Why, thank you! And what does that mean in English?

It means, "Ask me just one embarrassing question, fellah . . . and you can kiss your Adam's apple goodbye!"

I'll certainly be careful! Tell us, Mr. Shee, why did you go into making Karate Films?

I wanted to give my life meaning, and so I decided to dedicate myself to ART!

Some say your movies are merely a way of making a FAST BUCK!

So? That's the "ART" I'm talking about!



My . . . you certainly have an active movie studio!

Wow! Yes, I make four pictures a week . . . all on very modest budgets!

Four a week! How do you do it?

Naturally, to keep up that pace, some things must be left out of my movies!

Like what?

Like a plot, good acting and decent photography!

Is this a movie being filmed now?

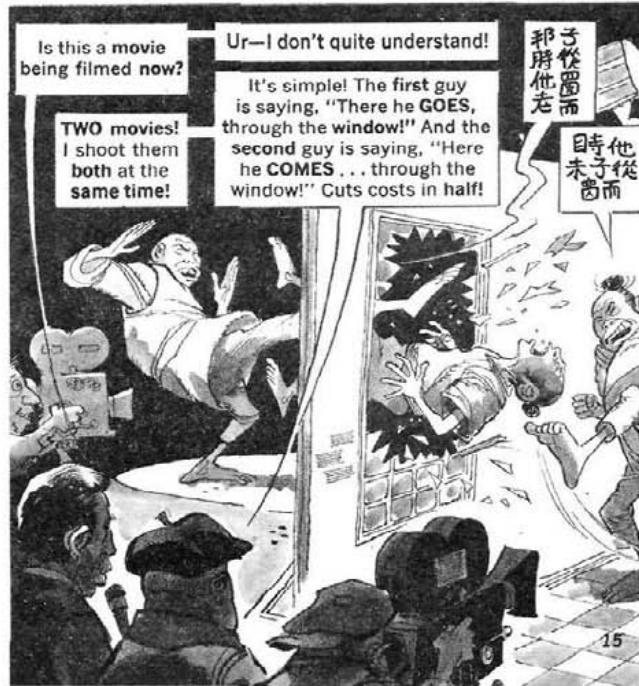
TWO movies! I shoot them both at the same time!

Ur—I don't quite understand!

It's simple! The first guy is saying, "There he GOES, through the window!" And the second guy is saying, "Here he COMES . . . through the window!" Cuts costs in half!

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時他未子從圓而



In every Karate movie, you need two things! One skinny Hero, and ten fat Villains! Here . . . the Villains are attacking the Hero, one at a time! They always attack the Hero, one at a time!

Is that an old Chinese custom?

No, silly! Then why don't they ALL attack him at the same time?

If they DID, they'd beat his brains out!



Another feature of our movie is the "Big Gang Battle"! Fights with two or three hundred people are not uncommon!

My God! All those actors! It must cost you a fortune! How much do you pay each one?

Two pounds a day! Two pounds? In English currency, that's . . .

What English currency? I'm talking about RICE!



Actors will work for only two pounds of rice!

Better still, they'll work for nothing! Watch this!

Attention, all Extras! I have only enough rice to pay half of you . . . so . . . first come, first served!



That's how I get my mob fight scenes! And for half the price!

Mr. Shee, I—I'm shocked! You are a very unscrupulous person!

Thanks, but save your admiration till our next stop!



Now . . . here is where we DUB IN the English dialogue! See the movie they are showing on the screen?

Well, when we're through dubbing in THIS one, we cut it up, scene by scene, re-splice it, dub in ALL NEW dialogue and presto! We have TWO movies for the price of ONE!

What about it?

But that's . . . dishonest!

Not at all! Actually, I'm only doing what the Critics tell people!

Oh . . . ? And what's that?

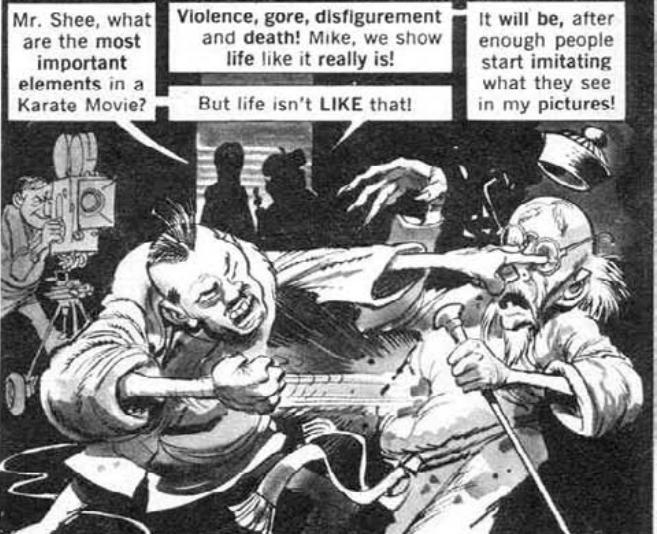
If you see ONE Karate Movie, you've seen them ALL!

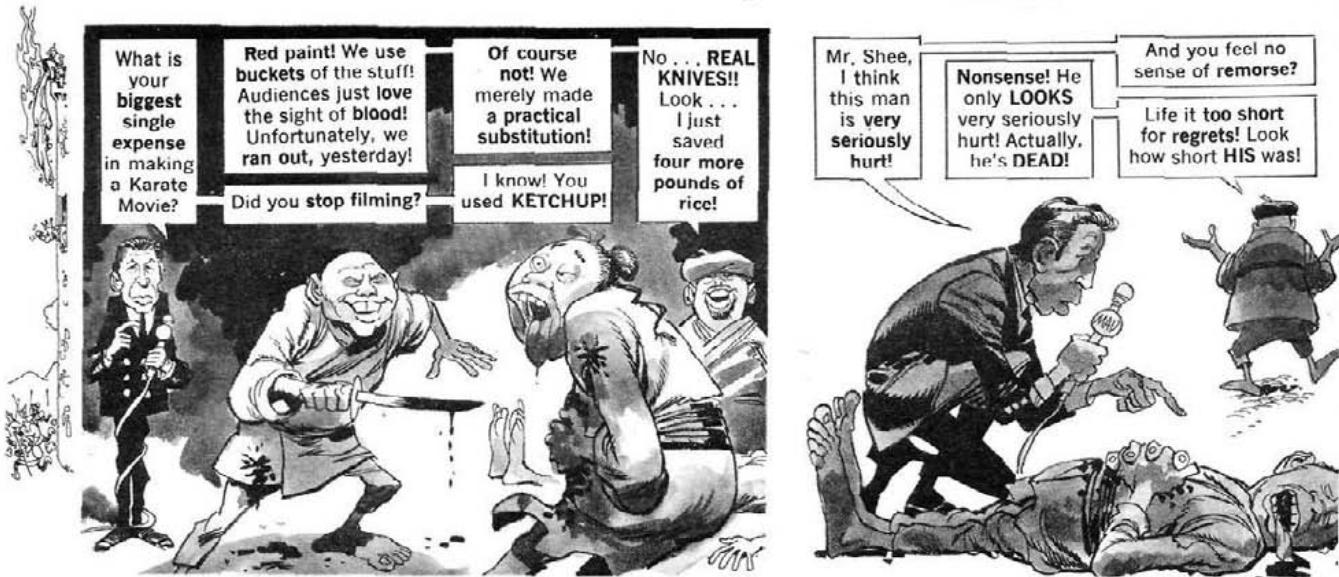
Mr. Shee, what are the most important elements in a Karate Movie?

Violence, gore, disfigurement and death! Mike, we show life like it really is!

It will be, after enough people start imitating what they see in my pictures!

But life isn't LIKE that!





That's **DISGUSTING** . . . smashing crockery and wood to make it sound as if you're breaking bones and teeth . . . !

Don't be an idiot! We smash crockery and wood to **cover** the **REAL** sound of bones and teeth breaking!

That little girl is fighting for **Star Billing**! If she lets up one little bit, it's back to "One from Column A, two from Column B . . ." for her!

Well, Mr. Shee . . . making a **Karate** Movie is certainly a **terrifying** experience!

Listen, I've got an even **MORE** terrifying experience for you . . .



Sitting in the audience . . . watching a **Karate** Movie!

Man, I love blood and gore as much as the next guy, but a **Karate** Movie Audience is **SOMETHING ELSE**!



This is the most revolting thing I've ever seen! How can you live with yourself . . . knowing that you promote immorality without a pang of conscience, while you brazenly cheat the American Public???

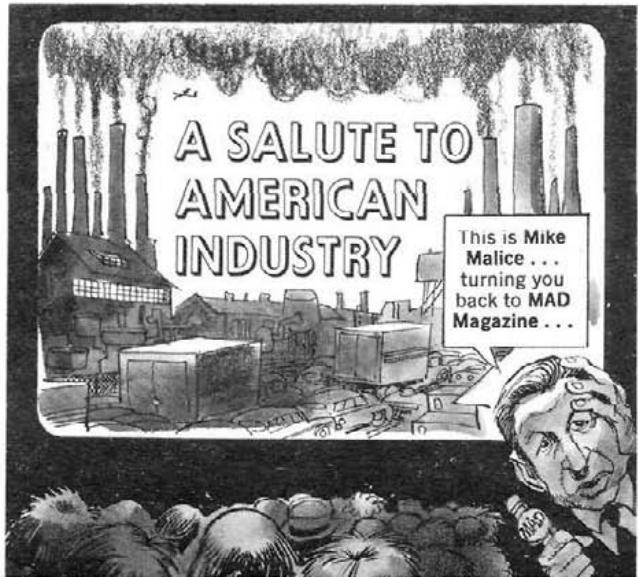
I feel a lot cleaner than the guy who produced the Documentary they're showing next!

What's that . . . ?



A SALUTE TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

This is Mike Malice . . . turning you back to **MAD** Magazine . . .



ONE FINE EVENING IN THE CASTLE



You Know There's SOM

YOU KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... the butcher accidentally drops his pencil on the scale ... and the dial shows it weighs four pounds!

YOU KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



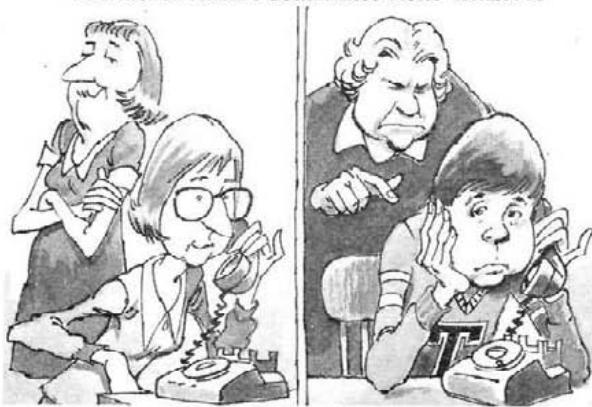
... the teacher's nephew copies off your examination paper, and he gets an "A" ... but you flunk!

YOU KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... the gift that comes in a "Saks Fifth Avenue" box has a "Montgomery Ward" label!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... your cousin, who's always hated you, calls you up at the last minute to ask you to go to the Senior Prom!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... the same gas station attendant who sold you a new fan belt just last week claims you need a new fan belt!

YOU KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... the cop offers to collect your traffic fine right now, and save you a trip to Court!

YOU KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... your ten-year-old claims his teacher has assigned him to read "The Sensuous Woman"!

YOU KNOW THERE'S
SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... your new tenant swears that she doesn't have any pets ... but her suitcase is wagging its tail!



ETHING FISHY When...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: TOM KOCH

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... you're turned down for a date because the girl says she has to stay home and wash her hair ... on New Year's Eve!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... you notice that the only other customer in the all-night laundromat didn't bring any laundry!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... you're notified that you've just won a free week-end vacation trip ... to a Florida real estate development!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... the barber won't let you look in the mirror after he's finished giving you a haircut!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... the doctor warmly reassures you, but then calls your family aside to discuss your condition!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... your \$75 camera disappears the very same day your little brother makes a "neat trade" for a \$20 bicycle!

YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY WHEN...



... you return home and discover that your baby sitter has used up six quarts of club soda and all of your ice cubes!

WHAT IS AN

Between the time you are first wheeled out in your stroller, and the time you are last wheeled out on a stretcher, you are bound to roll over a large, dull object known as an Introvert. Such near fatal collisions are unavoidable because Introverts always travel down the road of life headed in the wrong direction . . . with their lights turned off. And they never, ever warn you of their approach by blowing their horns.

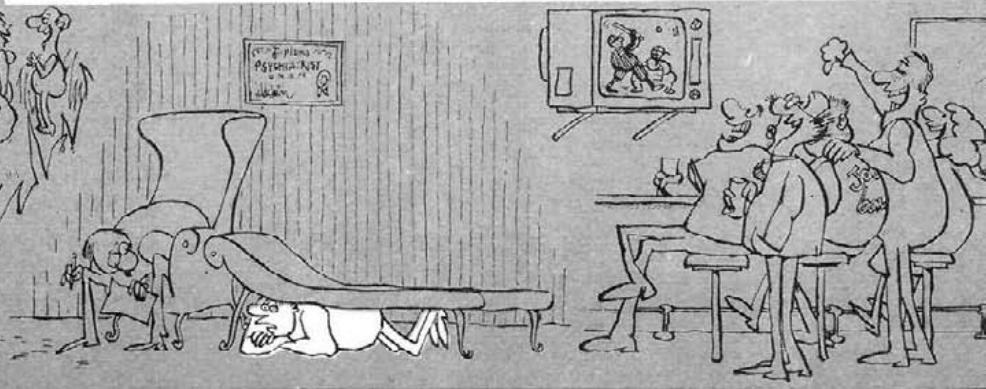
Introverts are individuals who spend a lot of time alone, thinking about themselves. Unfortunately, that subject is so limited that they have plenty of idle hours left over to come out and get in other people's way. This most often happens in libraries, where they occupy your favorite seat memorizing chess books in case they should ever be asked to play . . . Or in men's rooms, where they block your view of the mirror while they search for ingrown nostril hairs . . . Or in phone booths, where they make you wait while they try to think of a tactful way to ask "Information" for information.

Not that an Introvert would ever get in your way on purpose. It's just that he seldom notices what's happening around him because he's concentrating so hard on how it makes him feel. He only remembers being at the World Series because that's where a peanut vendor humiliated him for not having the exact change. He only remembers the 1972 election because that's when he didn't vote for fear of doing something stupid at the polling place. And he only remembers wintering in Florida because that's where he heard somebody laugh at the way he looked in swim trunks.

It's strange how Introverts always think other people are noticing them. In actuality, they come across with the same kind of impact that makes Franklin Pierce the one president you always forget about, and the Buffalo Bills the one N.F.L. team you always leave off the list, and George McGovern's fellow senator from South Dakota the one you never heard of . . . even if you live in South Dakota. Truth to tell, if Introverts didn't think about themselves so much, they'd never be thought of at all.

Still, it's easy to spot an Introvert in a crowd . . . if you can imagine any conceivable reason for wanting to. He's the one working a crossword puzzle by flashlight at the drive-in movie. He's the one hesitating to turn in a perfect exam paper because he's ashamed of his penmanship. He's the one arriving at the auto salesroom with his check for the full sticker price already made out. He's the one ordering "the works" at Chicken Take-out to celebrate his birthday. And he's the one in Group Therapy whose main problem is a fear of speaking up in Group Therapy.

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



INTROVERT?

But deep down inside, Introverts are much the same as everybody else. They have their driving ambitions . . . to read all fifty volumes of the Harvard Classics before they die. They have their smouldering desires . . . to own the world's biggest collection of Liechtenstein air mail stamps. They have their dreams of glory . . . to win national acclaim for being able to recite all of the state capitals in four minutes flat. They even have their fantasies of sin . . . to flog Zsa Zsa Gabor until she tearfully agrees to shut up and become an Introvert.

No doubt about it. An Introvert is more than just another highly forgettable face masking emotions that run the gamut from hardly any to none at all. An Introvert is also Sincerity drowning in a moist handshake, Flaming Passion swathed in a grey wool muffler, Steel Nerves risking all at solitaire, Daredevil Courage revving up a '63 Rambler, Firm Resolve proclaimed in an apologetic mumble, Attentiveness floating on a cloud of pre-occupation, and Thoughtful Silence . . . lots and lots of Thoughtful Silence.

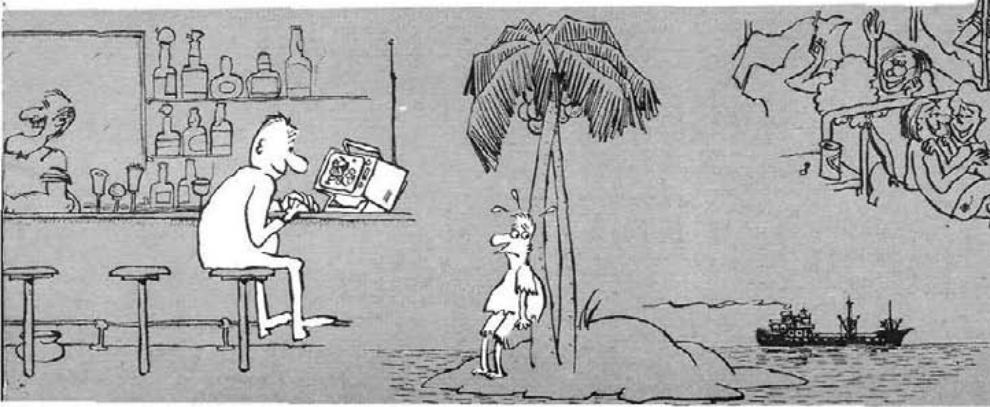
Above all, the Introvert possesses the gift of Dedicated Perseverance. Who else assembles a ten-thousand piece jig-saw puzzle to get a reproduction of "Anne Hathaway's Cottage" suitable for framing? Who else spends every Christmas exposing himself to the flu so he'll have an honest excuse for staying at home on New Year's Eve? Who else gladly drives from Toledo to Cleveland by way of Omaha rather than beg for a road map at a gas station? And who else wastes his whole lunch hour riding home on the bus just so he can use his own bathroom?

Quite obviously, the world needs Introverts. Somebody has to write those 800-page biographies of medieval French kings. Somebody has to be night watchman for the Navy's mothball fleet. Somebody has to think up the anecdotes that President Nixon tells to display his sense of humor. Somebody has to perpetuate the art of engraving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. And, most important, somebody has to be there pretending to listen while all the Extroverts on earth shoot off their big mouths.

Some people tend to feel sorry for Introverts. This is a total waste of sympathy, when you stop to think about it. After all, nobody ever calls upon an Introvert to coach the neighborhood Little League team, or head up a charity fund raising drive, or ruin his Sunday filling out a golf foursome. He is permitted to go his own way doing what he pleases. And the only thing society ever asks of the Introvert is that he keep uttering his familiar cry that brings joy to all:

"I WAS JUST LEAVING."

WRITER: TOM KOCH





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

MINOR

You're a regular hypochondriac, you know that?!? You're always running to the medicine cabinet to treat some new, non-existent ailment! What imaginary illness have you conjured up this time?

This sore finger is NOT IMAGINARY! It's very real, and very swollen!

And what's more, it hurts like the devil!

Oh, yeah? How did you get it?

Closing the medicine cabinet!

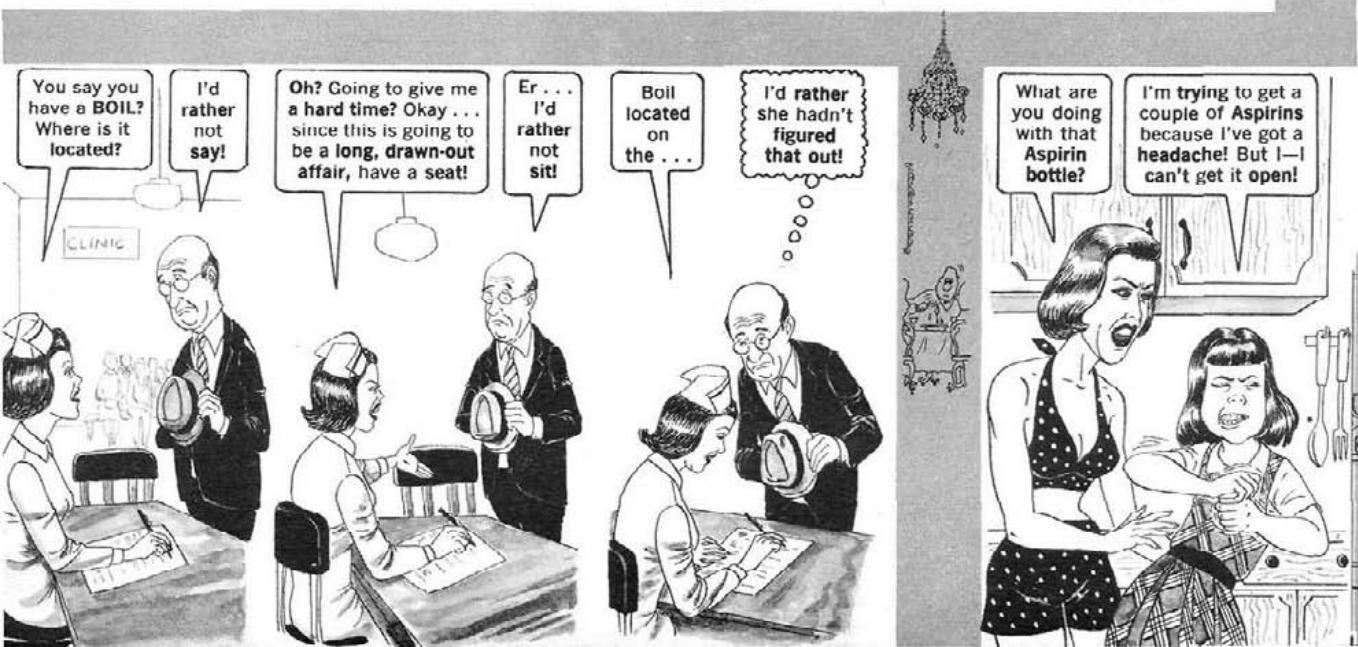
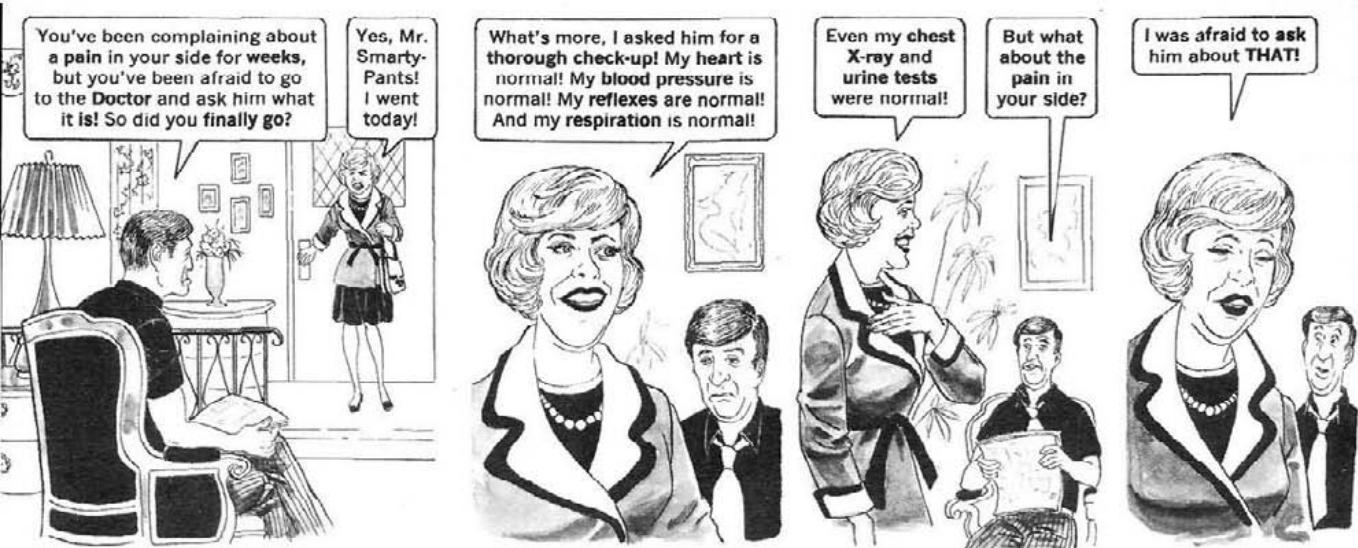




AILMENTS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG





Ooooh! I'm so miserable with this awful cold!



The Government spends BILLIONS to fly men to the barren MOON . . . but not one PENNY to cure the COMMON COLD!



Too bad that cold germs don't exist on the Moon . . . and our Astronauts aren't in danger of catching a cold when they land!

What makes you say that?



Because . . . THEN, the Government would spend billions to CURE it!



If I can only make it through the night, I'll be all right! If I can only make it through the night, I'll be all right!



Will you stop mumbling! You MADE it through the night! The SUN is coming up!!



Oh, thank God!

Wow! What a fuss over a little sinus attack! You kept waking me up with your constant mumbling about making it through the night!



I'm sorry . . . but I DID make it through the night!

Now, if I can only make it through the day, I'll be all right! If I can only make it through the day, I'll be all right!



Of course you can't! They've put special Safety Tops on bottles of Aspirin so kids won't eat them like candy! Besides, a child your age should only have ONE Aspirin! Here, give it to me! I'll open it!



Now, let's see . . . You twist it to the right, and . . . No you push down and twist it to the left . . . No, you line up the two markings, and . . .



Darn it! Look at all the trouble I have to go to, just to get out THREE ASPIRINS!

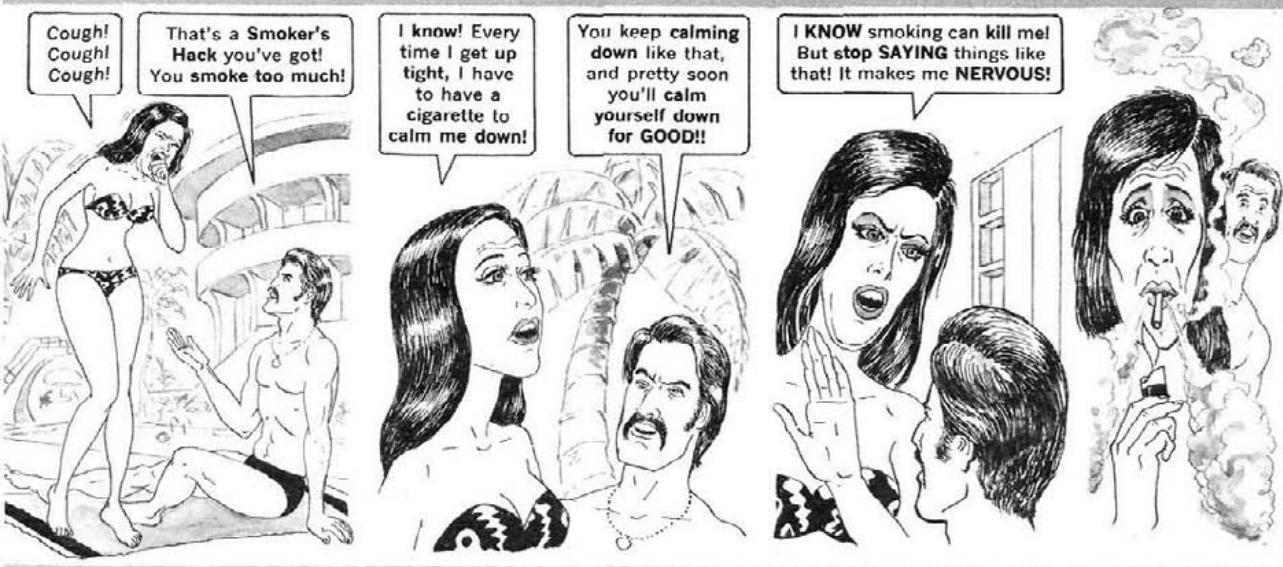


THREE?? You said I could only have ONE!

The other two are for ME!

I got a headache, trying to open this lousy bottle!





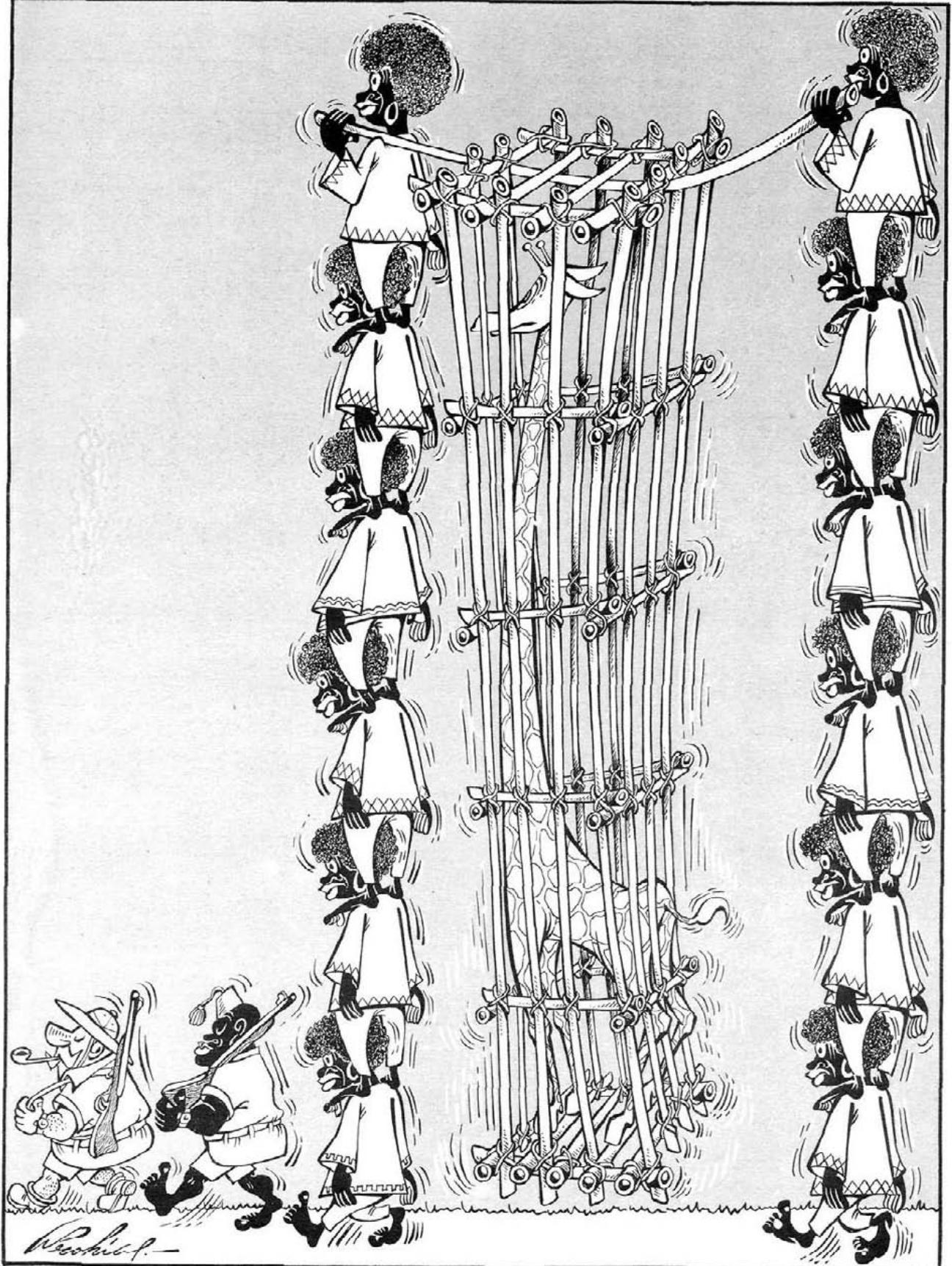
GRIN AND BEARER DEPT.

ON A SAFARI



ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS





DIAMOND AND THE ROUGH DEPT.

Because today's fast-paced life is more violent, gentle old baseball has lost its position as our "National Pastime." Football, with its high speed mayhem has taken over, and that makes baseball men very worried. They just hate to see all that they've worked for go down the drain—the glory, the prestige, the *money!* And so here's our suggestion for up-dating and saving the sport with...

THE MAD GAME OF BASEBRAWL

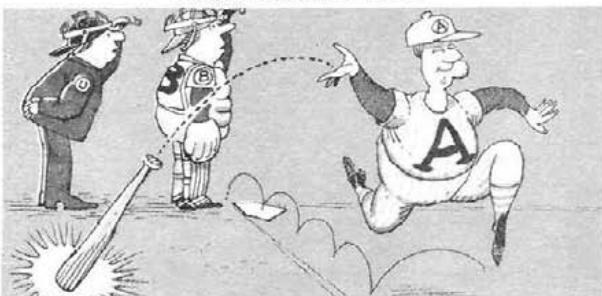
UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENT

BASEBALL: UNIFORM



The baseball uniform is a dead giveaway as to what's in store—a flimsy, decorative ensemble put together as if intended for a hairdresser or a ballet master.

BASEBALL: BAT



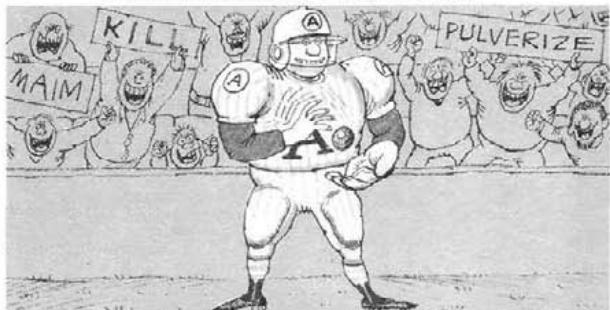
Today's baseball bat has but one purpose—to hit the ball, immediately after which it is discarded as the batter then becomes more involved with the base paths.

BASEBALL: BASEBALL



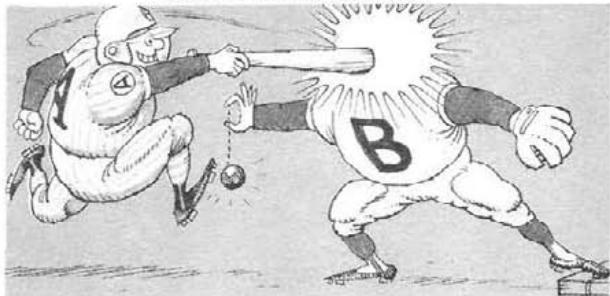
Today's baseball is often referred to as a *hardball*. Actually, it is only hard when compared to a *softball!* Spectators can catch them without even using a glove!

BASEBRAWL: UNIFORM



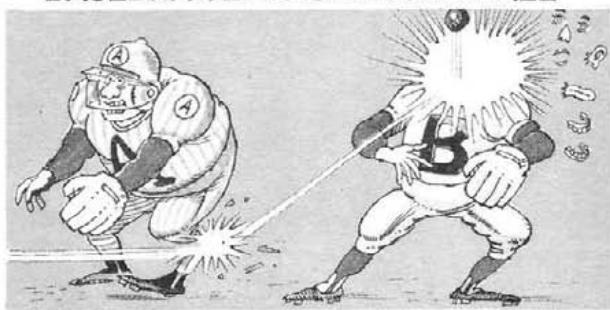
MAD's basebrawl uniform would reflect the feel of the game—a tough, practical armor-like get up that can administer punishment as easily as protect against it.

BASEBRAWL: BAT



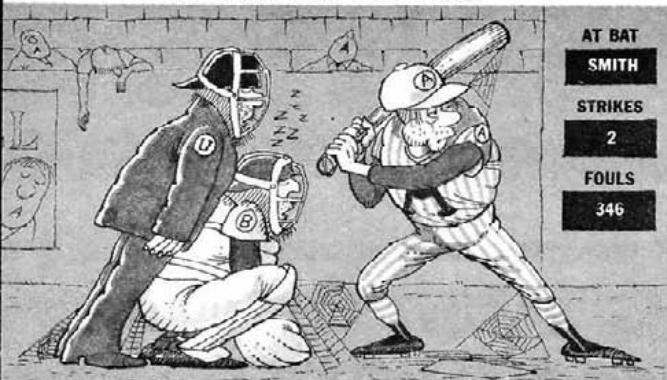
MAD's basebrawl bat would play a much more exciting role. An ideal offensive weapon, it would be taken along to increase chances of reaching bases safely.

BASEBRAWL: BASEBRAWL BALL



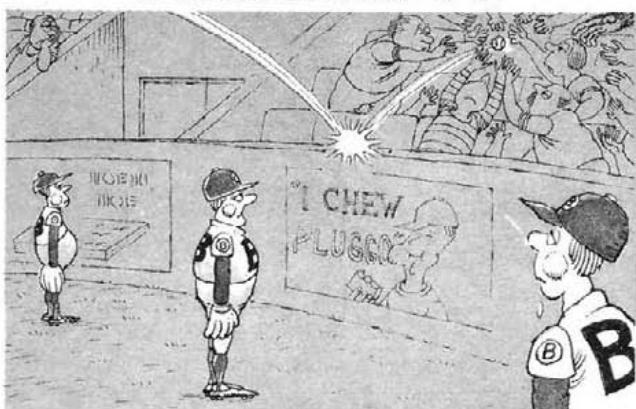
MAD's basebrawl would be more lethal, something a bit like a cannon ball. In fact it *would be* a cannon ball! Even a simple line drive becomes a memorable event!

BASEBALL: INNINGS



Baseball innings are based on how long a team can stay at bat without making 3 "outs". With hits, walks, fouls, errors, and change of pitchers, innings can last hours! Or, should a pitcher's "duel" take place, they last only a few unexciting minutes with a boring "three up... three down".

BASEBALL: HOME RUN



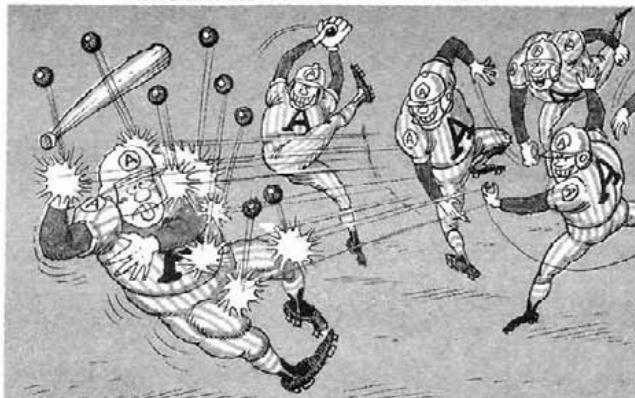
Baseball's most ridiculous rule by far is the *home run*, in most cases a ball hit out of the park, allowing the batter to prance around the base paths unmolested while fielders stand by helplessly. The fans provide much more excitement than the game as they fight among themselves for the ball!

BASEBALL: SCORING

SCOREBORED										FINAL
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
VISITORS	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
HOME TEAM	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
AT BAT					BALLS	STRIKES			OUTS	
HOME TEAM						0	2			2
HITS					ERRORS	SCORE KEEPER				
VISITORS	0	3			VISITORS	0				
HOME TEAM	2	4			HOME TEAM	1	4			

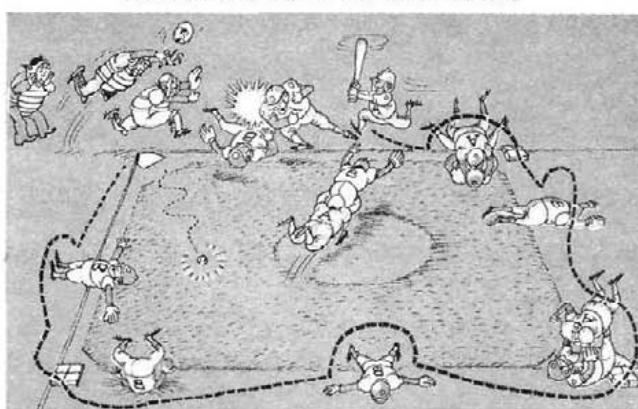
Today's baseball scoring creates all sorts of boring problems. For example, a team can score indefinitely without losing their turn at bat, making the rest of the lopsided fiasco even slower than normal. And continual flashing of dull statistics offers little relief to the "score-bored!"

BASEBRAWL: ZAPPINGS



MAD's basebrawl provides four *zappings*, each team coming to bat once per zap with three "outs" to reach first base. If achieved, three more outs are awarded to them to try to advance to another base: if not, team members are allowed one free throw each at the batter scoring the third out.

BASEBRAWL: HOME RUN



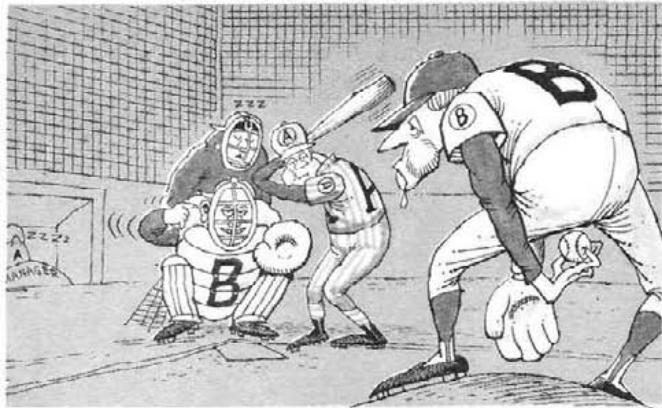
MAD's basebrawl rules that any ball hit out of the park is an automatic out! A home run is thus not limited to only those possessing brute strength. Here, with the proper kind of teamwork, even the weakest man on the team can circle the bases and score with just a dribbling grounder.

BASEBRAWL: SCORING

SCOREBOARD									
	1st ZAP	2nd ZAP	3rd ZAP	4th ZAP	FINAL				
VISITORS	7	1	0						
HOME TEAM	1	3							
TEAM AT BAT									
VISITORS					TIME LEFT				
2	4	:	3	9					
HOME TEAM					NEXT BASE TO ATTAIN				
VISITORS					THIRD				
2	6				2				
HOME TEAM					KILLED				
3	9								
VISITORS					INJURED				
1	1								
HOME TEAM					PENALTIES				
3	4								

In MAD's basebrawl, one point is scored for each base attained, plus a two point bonus for a home run, or five points in all. A "fear goal" is worth two points and is achieved by kicking the ball into the opposition's dugout right after a home run. The other team then gets to bat.

BASEBALL: PITCHERS



Today's pitching and batting is literally a hit and miss affair: the batter constantly trying to *hit* the pitch, the pitcher constantly trying to *miss* the bat. With fast balls, curves, knucklers etc. vs. walks, fouls, etc., the whole thing balances out to a very dull and dreary contest.

BASEBALL: CATCHERS



Today's catcher spends most of his time signalling to his pitcher. This may be exciting to him and the pitcher, but to someone almost a mile away in the bleachers—*nothing!* The catcher is involved in other thrilling and important acts like tossing the ball around the infield. Yawn . . .

BASEBALL: BALK



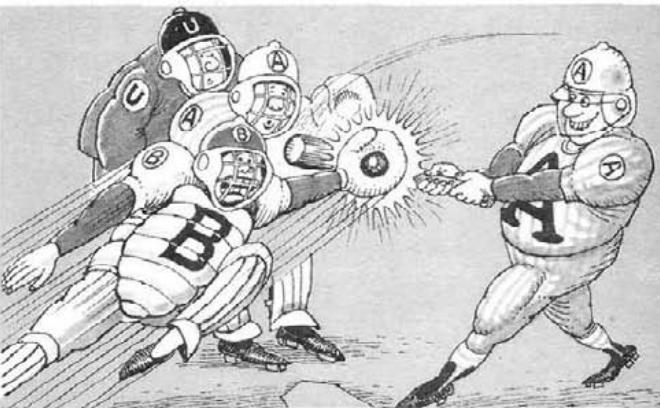
Today's pitcher's most serious problem on the mound is to avoid a *balk*. The reason it is such a problem is because no one knows just what constitutes a *balk* to begin with. In any case, it happens to be a silly rule with a silly penalty that adds no playing interest or excitement at all.

BASEBRAWL: PITCHERS



MAD's baseballrawl pitcher, batter and catcher are all on the *same team!* Because hits are more exciting to watch, the pitcher serves up only *meat balls* for his own man to blast, thus cleverly eliminating the need for time-wasting balls and strikes and frenzied arguments with the umpires!

BASEBRAWL: CATCHERS



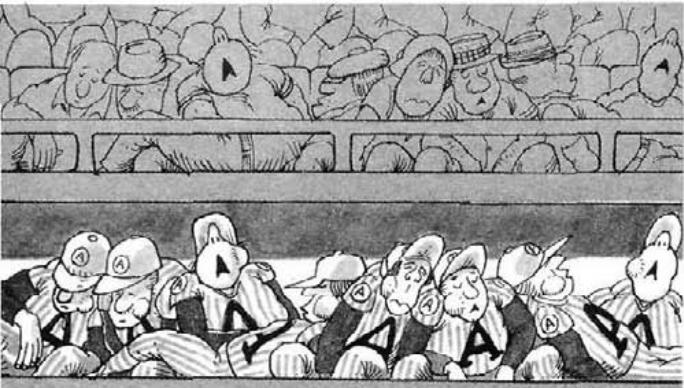
Positioned near the batting team's offensive catcher, the baseballrawl *defensive* catcher, besides making plays at the plate, can also "steal" the ball by catching it the exact moment it crosses the plate. Obviously, this novel "strike clout" rule adds all kinds of new excitement to the game.

BASEBRAWL: BALK



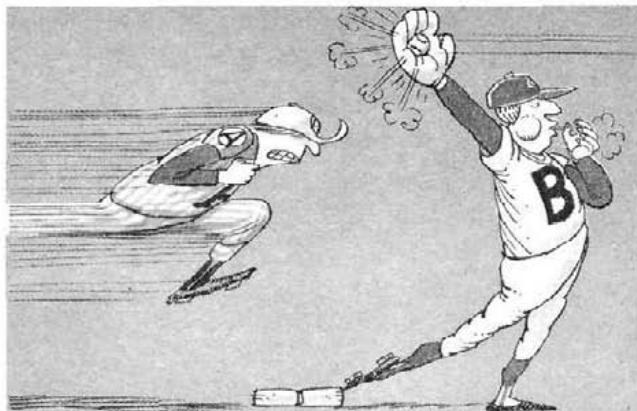
MAD's baseballrawl *balk* rule states that every man on the field must freeze in position from pitcher's wind-up to snap of the ball. Infractions result in the loss or gain of an out to offensive and defensive teams respectively. Still a silly rule, but at least some laughs are offered.

BASEBALL: TURN AT BAT



In baseball, the overwhelming majority of players on the batting team have nothing more to do than doze and laze around in the dugout while their one representing man stands alone at the plate. With eight players doing absolutely nothing, it's small wonder that the game is dull!

BASEBALL: BASE RUNNING



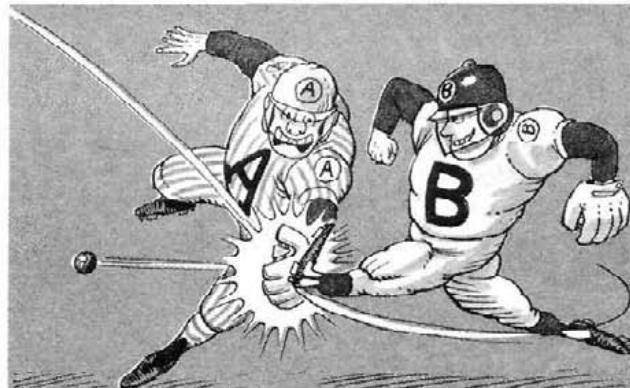
When a grown man runs at top speed, he is usually running away from someone with fear or toward someone with hate. Not so in today's baseball! Here, a man races a ball! Any show of force, violence or even interference are no-no's! And so it goes for any enjoyment, action and excitement!

BASEBALL: MEN LEFT ON BASE



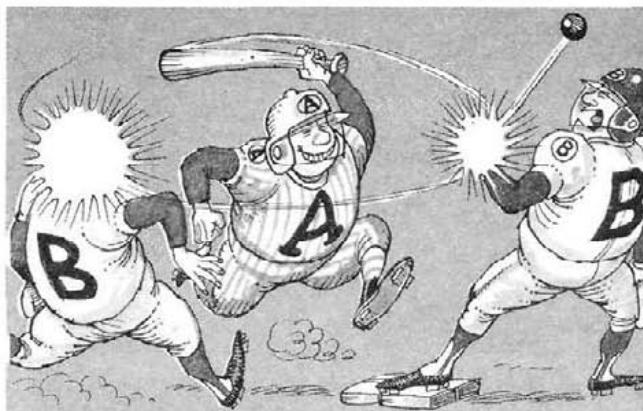
When a side is retired, all the strategy and effort that goes into placing runners into scoring positions slips down the drain. The men left on base have no value except as statistics for announcers to compile in their desperate attempts to inject a little interest into the dull affair.

BASEBRAWL: TURN AT BAT



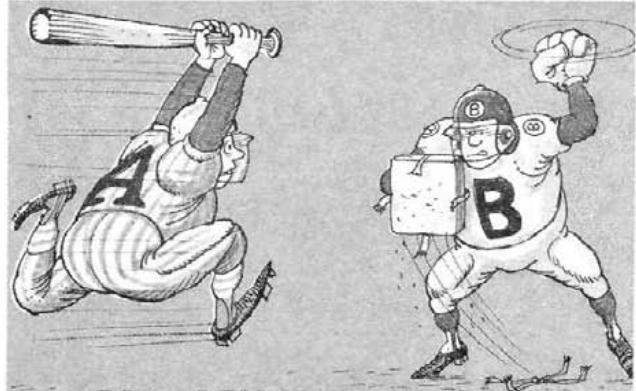
In MAD's basebrawl, every player is out on the field for the entire game, becoming "defensive fielders" when their man is at bat, covering each position to try and prevent an out from being scored against his team. As a result the dugout is freed for use as an emergency first aid station.

BASEBRAWL: BASE RUNNING



MAD'S basebrawl runners will have no such mamby-pamby restrictions. The batter can carry his bat with him at all times to serve as a deterrent to fielders who may attempt to tackle him or knock him out of the base paths. He can also take a few extra swings at the ball on the way around.

BASEBRAWL: MEN LEFT ON BASE



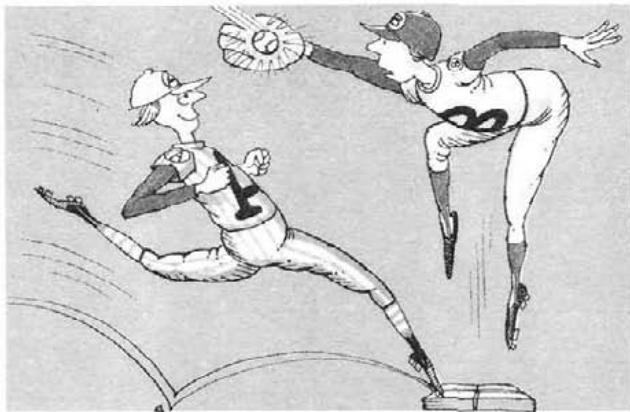
Men left on base in MAD's basebrawl have an option: they may either relinquish their base and assume their normal defensive position, or they may elect to stay where they are and serve as an additional blocker against the opposing team runners who are advancing to the base they hold.

BASEBALL: FIELDING



Baseball games are often so dull that some players spend the entire duration on the field without ever actually touching a ball. Young people in the stands who study and imitate every move and gesture their idol makes are often diagnosed as being in a catatonic state after the game.

BASEBALL: PINCH RUNNER



Today's typical pinch runner is usually a sprinter, very fast and lithe, who is called in to replace a runner who is slow and sloppy. His ballet dancing and prancing about does manage to annoy the opposing pitcher somewhat, but not enough to affect the game or the fans in any way whatsoever.

BASEBALL: PENALTIES



Today's penalties have little or no effect on the outcome of the game. About the worst that can possibly happen is someone is thrown out of a game or fined a few dollars for saying things about the umpire's ability to see clearly or raising some serious doubts as to just who his father was.

BASEBRAWL: FIELDING



In MAD's basebrawl, there's no time for any cobwebs to collect on the fielders. With offensive players trying to prevent them from making plays, plus rules that allow for body contact, ball blocking, and even bat throwing, every man is a potential play maker throughout the entire game.

BASEBRAWL: PINCH RUNNER



On the other hand, MAD's basebrawl pinch runner will be called in to replace a fast, lithe sprinter with a slow, sloppy brute. In the closing moments of a game when the chips are down and a run is needed, the situation calls for an animal who isn't afraid to use his strength—or bat!

BASEBRAWL: PENALTIES



MAD's basebrawl penalties have relevance to the game. An offensive player who gets offensive will cost his team a base or an out, a defensive offense will be penalized in the same manner. The one major infraction—delay of the game—results in an automatic win for the other team!

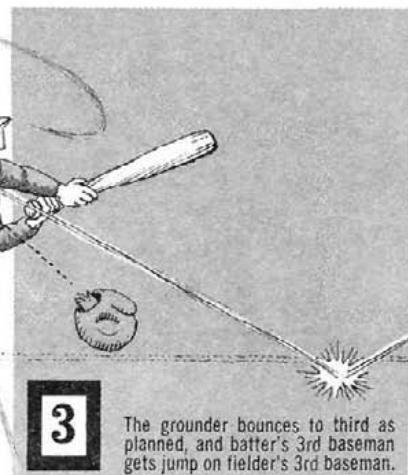
HOW MAD'S BASEBRAWL WORKS

Here in a typical play we see what *MAD's BASEBRAWL* is like. In today's game this would be a routine and boring "out." But in *MAD's BASEBRAWL* there is nothing routine in any of its fast moving, body crunching plays. Here, by following the numbers 1 to 8 beginning in the pitcher's box, we see how spine-tingling and thrilling a grounder to third can be.



2

Fielder's catcher tries to catch "high and outside" pitch for an out but batter connects before catcher gets possession of ball.



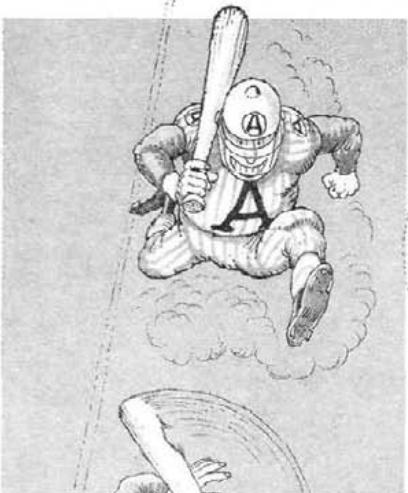
3

The grounder bounces to third as planned, and batter's 3rd baseman gets jump on fielder's 3rd baseman.



4

The batter's 3rd baseman slaps ball towards short as fielder's 3rd baseman watches helplessly.

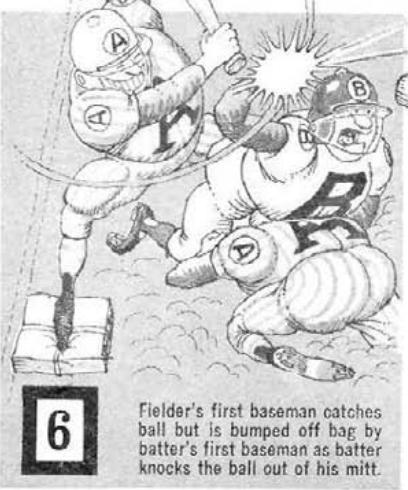


1

The batting team's pitcher picks up his catcher's signal. Fielding team's pitcher cleverly picks it off and then gives "high and outside" signal to his catcher.

5

Batter's shortstop tries to slap ball into outfield but fielder's SS grabs it and throws to first.



6

Fielder's first baseman catches ball but is bumped off bag by batter's first baseman as batter knocks the ball out of his mitt.



7

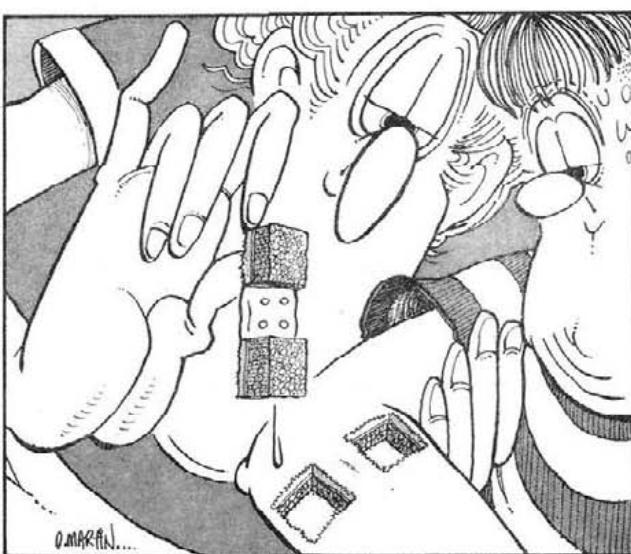
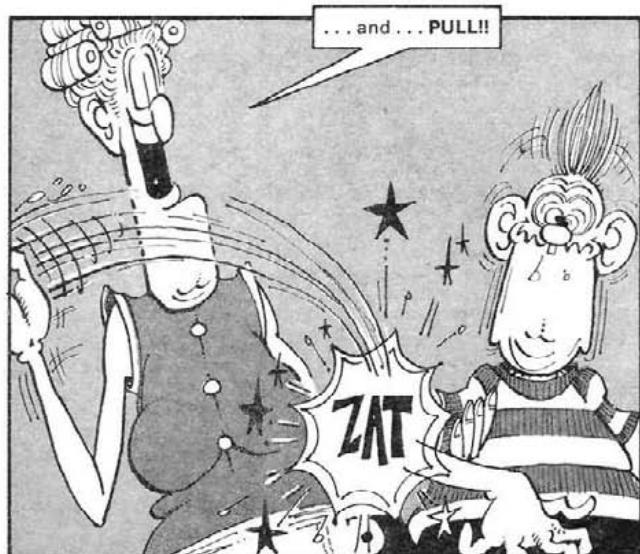
Batter rounds first base, picks up blockers (his pitcher and 1st baseman) and heads for second.



8

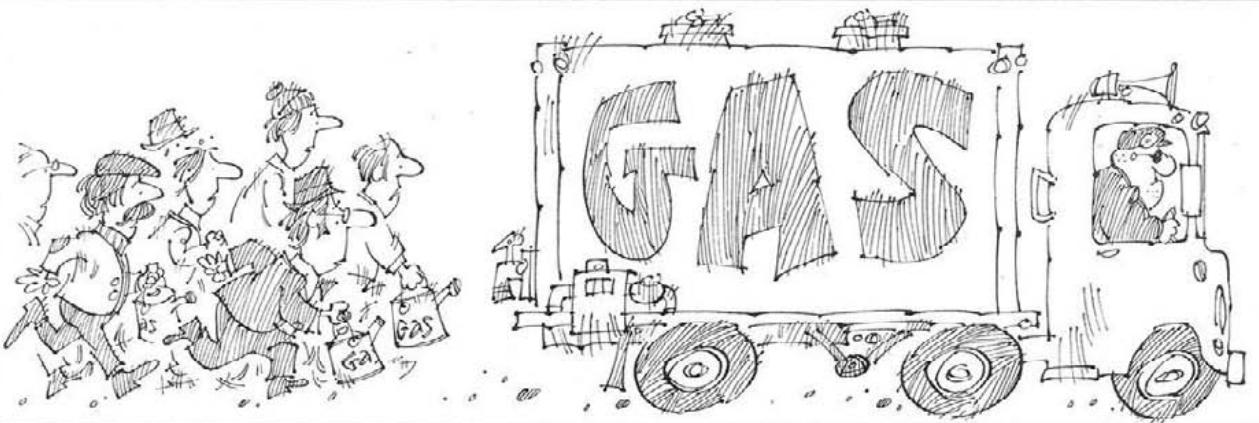
The fielder's pitcher and shortstop come in for tackle, batter's out-stretched bat barely misses bag as fielder's second baseman puts tag on despite block by the batter's alert second baseman.

ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL



A MAD LOOK AT...

THE GAS

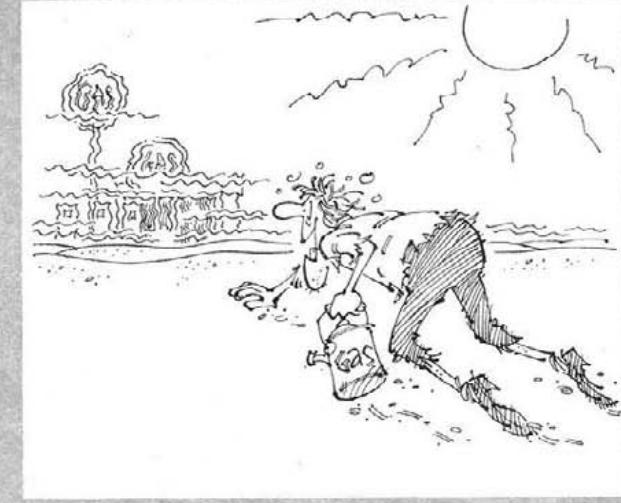
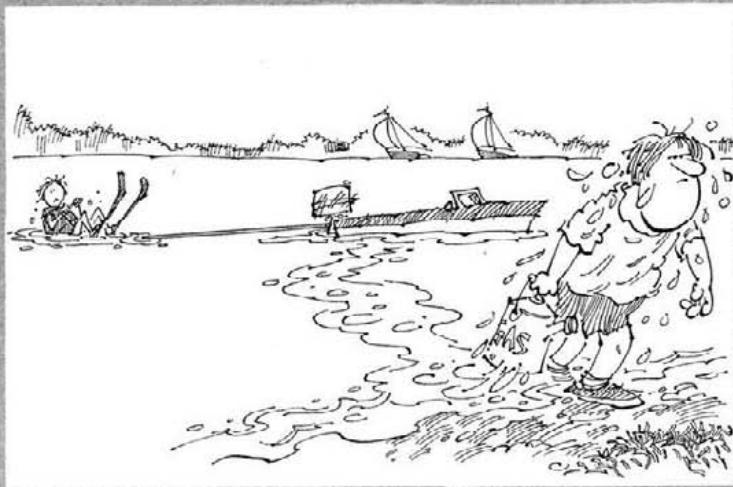


SHORTAGE



ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
PAUL PETER PORGE



All across the U.S.A., communities are being forced by Law into "Bussing" school kids for purposes of Racial Integration.



Whether you're FOR it . . . or AGAINST it, "Bussing" has become one of the major social controversies of our times. And if the idea catches on and really succeeds, we think it will stir "Bussing" ideas in other areas of social controversy. Which means that we may soon be seeing people of one cultural background being "Bussed" into locations or situations where they are awkwardly out of place, purely for the purpose of integrating them into a different sub-culture. So if you think there's confusion now, here's what could happen when we start seeing . . .

BUSSING PALE, FAT, UGLY GIRLS TO THE BEACHES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



BUSSING "AMERICA'S TEN BEST DRESSED MEN & WOMEN" TO THE AUDIENCE OF "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"



BUSSING SALVATION ARMY EMPLOYEES TO A NUDE ENCOUNTER GROUP



SIC TRANSIT DEPT.



BUSSING IN OTHER AREAS FOR THE PURPOSE OF SOCIAL INTEGRATION

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

BUSSING HARD-HAT CONSTRUCTION WORKERS TO A ROCK FESTIVAL



BUSSING THE STAFF OF AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER TO A PAT BOONE CHRISTMAS PARTY



BUSSING A CONTINGENT OF MARINE DRILL SERGEANTS TO FIRE ISLAND



BUSSING THE "JET SET'S" BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE TO A BOWLING ALLEY IN MUNCIE, INDIANA



BUSSING "THREE DOG NIGHT" GROUPIES TO A REUNION OF THE FRED WARING FAN CLUB



BUSSING MEMBERS OF THE SIERRA CLUB TO A MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION



BUSSING MEMBERS OF AN "EPICURE & GOURMET SOCIETY" TO A McDONALD'S HAMBURGER STAND



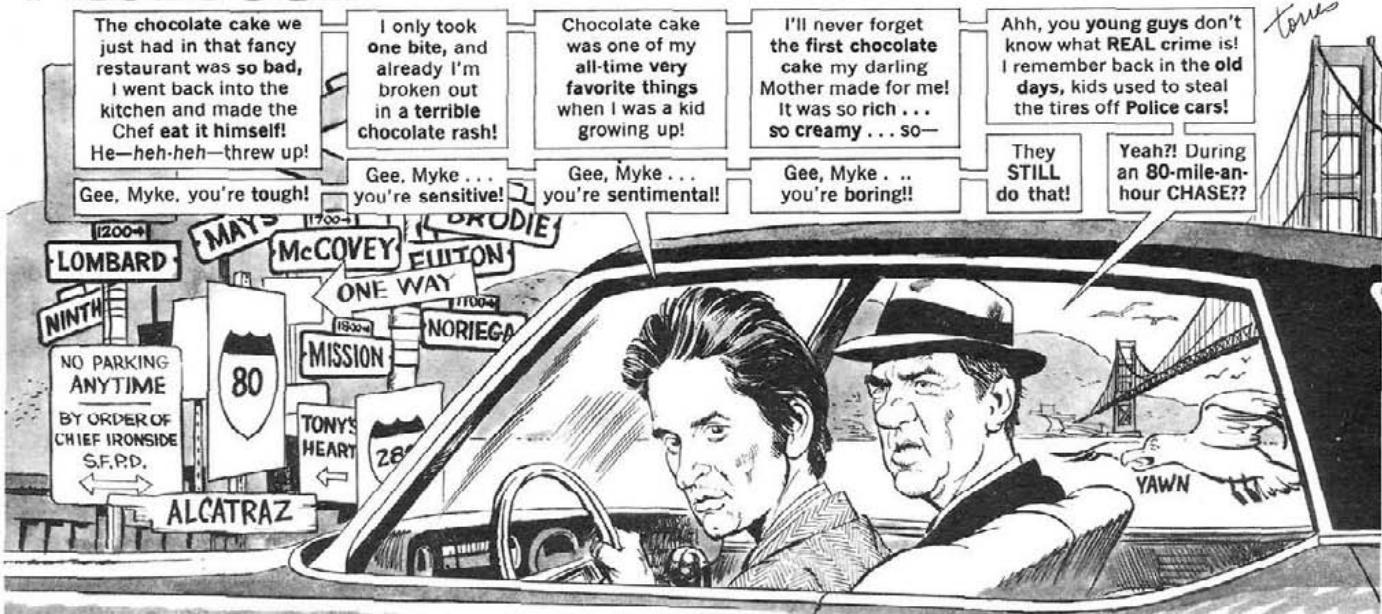
COPS AT BAY DEPT.

For a while back there, whenever someone mentioned San Francisco, you thought of the Haight-Ashbury District, and the wild, far-out Hippies and Yippies and Hop-Heads and Speed-Freaks and all the other Third World Cats that lived there. But now, thanks to the movies and television, San Francisco's image is rapidly changing. Because we're being bombarded with propaganda . . . like f'rinstance this weekly TV series about two detectives . . . that effectively publicizes . . .

THE "STRAIGHTS" OF SAN FRANCISCO

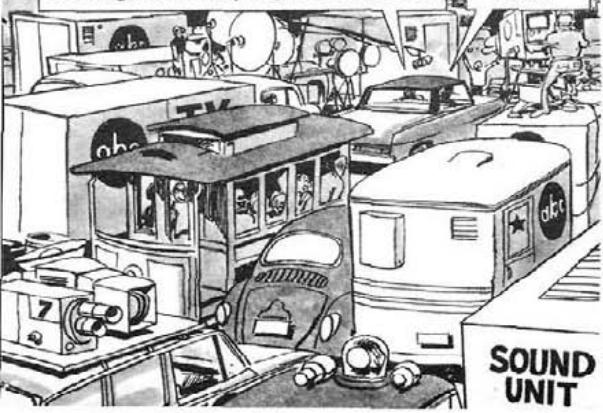
PROLOGUE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



MEANWHILE

I'll tell you something that's worse than it used to be! Traffic!! You can hardly move around the streets of San Francisco these days! All the TV shows they're making in this town are snarling things up! Look at those lighting trucks, camera vans, audio trailers and mobile dressing rooms! They ought to outlaw 'em!



What's the matter? You tired of working steady?!! Those are from OUR show!!

What are you doing here???

I'm from the company that installed your safe! I'm checking it out to see if it's burglar-proof! You know what! It's NOT!

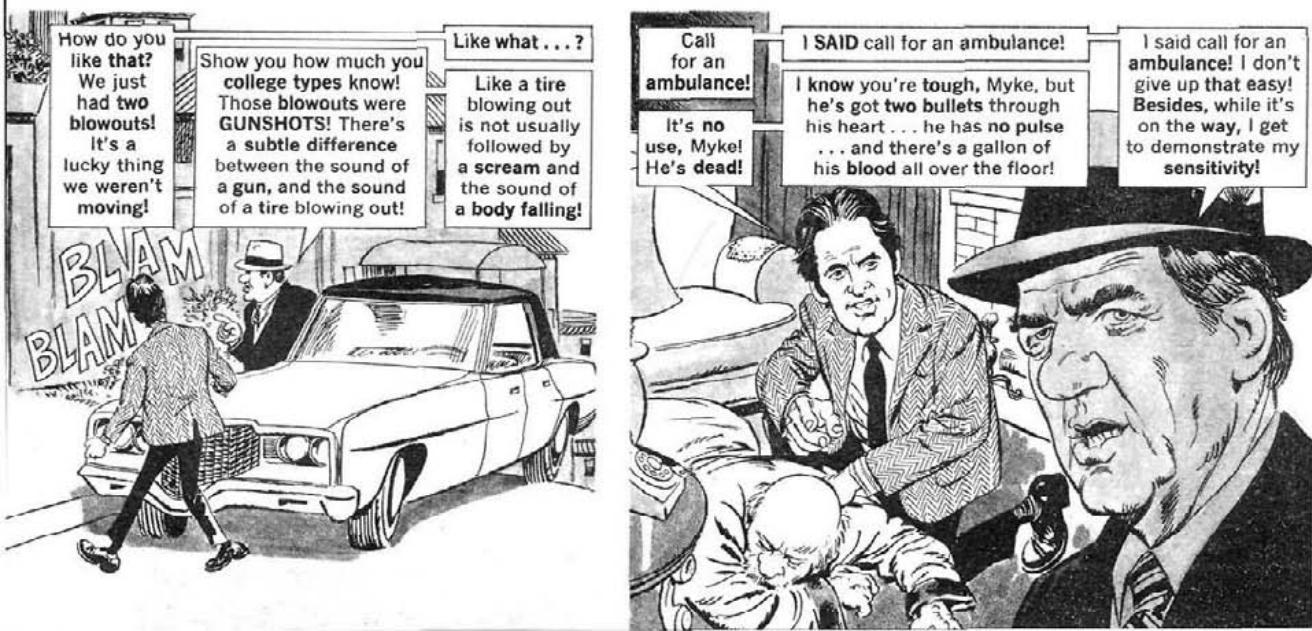
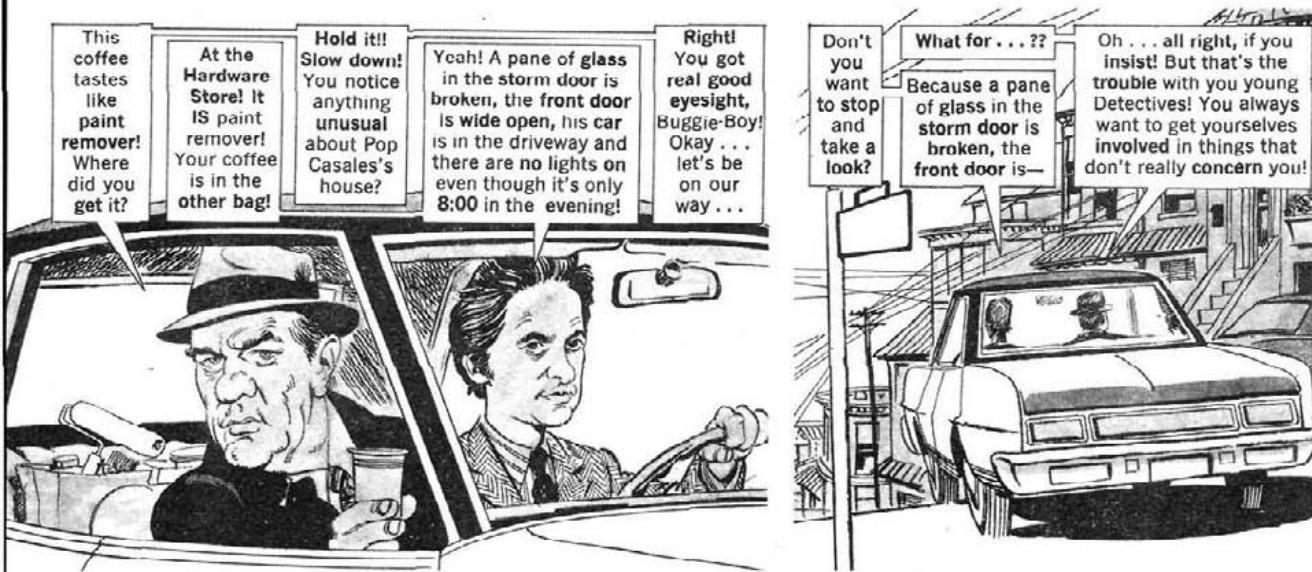
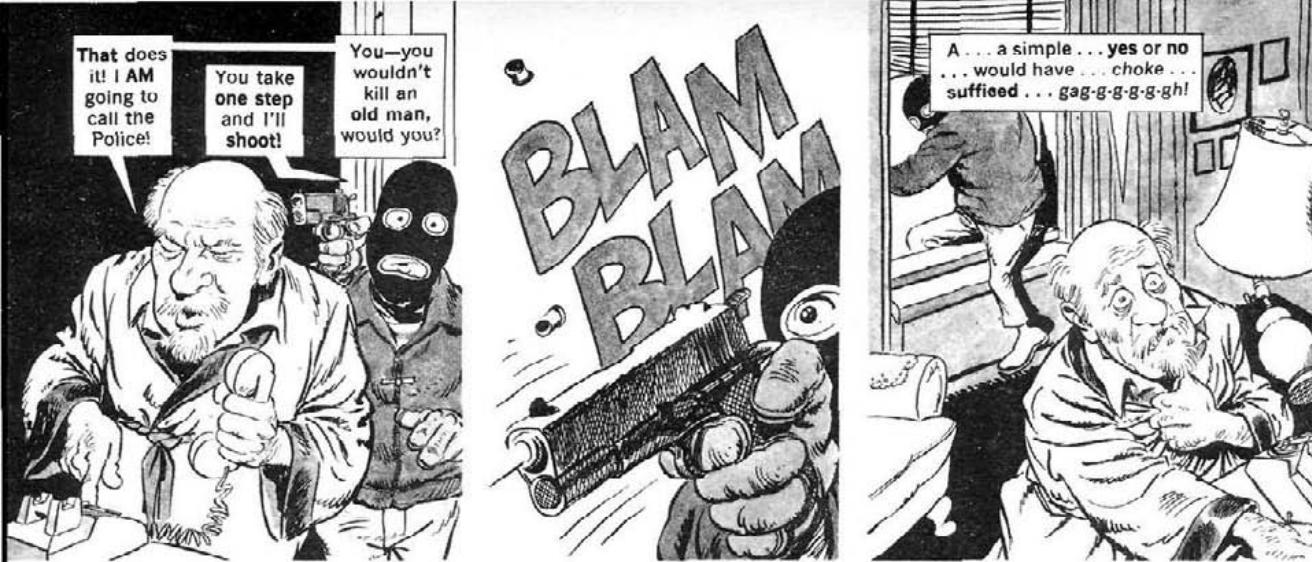
I appreciate the company's concern, but I think I'll call the Police . . .

Don't bother! I AM the Police!

YOU'RE the Police?

Well, I figured if you'd believe I was from the company that installed your safe, you'd believe almost ANYTHING!!

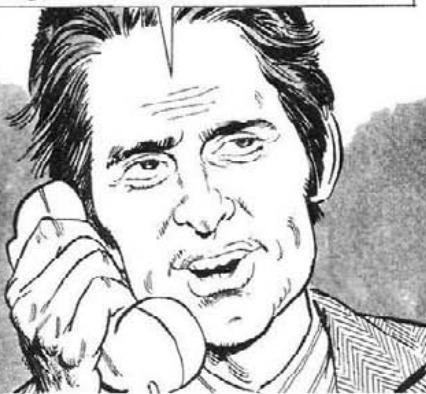






Operator, send an ambulance to 2849 Avalon!
And make it as fast as possible! It's an
emergency! It's a matter of life and death!

Because the longer the ambulance takes, the
longer I'll have to listen to my partner's
boring reminiscences . . . and I may kill myself!



Ah, yes . . .
did I know
him well,
you're
asking me?

Actually, I
didn't ask
you a thing!

How close
were we as
friends,
you want
to know?

No, I don't
want to know
any of that!

Well . . . I
hate it when
you pry into
my innermost
feelings, but—

I'm NOT prying!
I couldn't
care LESS!!

He was my High
School English
Teacher! "Old
Pop" we used
to call him!
I loved him
like a Father!

I'm sorry . . .

Why are
you sorry?!!
If I hadn't
had him, I
would have
had Mrs.
Casper . . .
and she was
TERRIBLE!



I'm sorry he's
DEAD . . . NOT
that he was your
English Teacher!

Oh! Well . . . I'm sorry that
Pop Casales is—uh—er—a
little under the weather!

Don't use the
word "**DEAD**"!
There's nothing
OFFICIAL yet!

Tell me, Buggie-Boy, why
is it that the good get
it bad . . . and the bad get
it good . . . and the fair
get it kind of so-so???

I don't know!
But why is it
that you can
never get an
ambulance when
you need one!

I am in PAIN!
Terrible PAIN!

You guys
call
for an
ambulance?

Yes! I want
you to do
everything
you can for
this man!

The only
thing we can
do is **BURY**
him! He's
DEAD!

So you did!
But now I
have the
word of a
Professional,
—and I'll be
able to sleep
soundly
tonight!

Well, don't
sleep **TOO**
soundly,
Lieutenant!
I ran over
ten people
trying to
get here
in record
time!



Let's question
the neighbors
and see if they
saw something!

If they've been
watching **THIS**,
they haven't
seen **ANYTHING**!

Did you
see
anything
unusual
around
Pop
Casales's
house
tonight?

Yes, I did! I
saw an ambulance
driving like
crazy? Must've
run down, maybe,
ten or eleven
innocent people!
It was awful . . .

No . . . I mean
BEFORE that!
Did you see
anything
ELSE
unusual?

No, I'm
afraid not!

Are you **absolutely**
positive? There was
nothing unusual . . . ?
No person . . . no car
. . . no small, minor
incident you thought
was strange or odd?

No, I'm afraid not!

You can tell me
anything . . . any
tiny detail . . .
even if you think
it's not really
very important!

Well, I
did see—
Yes,
yes!



Well, I do remember something! About 7:45, a 1963 light blue Ford pulled up in front of Pop's house! A man about 5' 7" got out! He was 43 years old! He was wearing green pants, brown sneakers, white socks, and a red jacket, and carried a black gun! It struck me as odd because **NOTHING MATCHED!** Does that help?



Easy, Buggie-Boy!

We can at least get started with these few meager clues! You take Mrs. Rouse here down to the Mug Shot Files and see if she can pick out the guy's picture!

Don't **YOU** want to do that, so you can give us the boring details of how you were personally involved with every one of the 230,000 people we have on file?

No, I've got to go see Ma Casales! She doesn't know about her Husband yet, so in my own sentimental and sensitive fashion, I will tell her that Pop was shot down in cold blood, that all of their money was stolen, and that Pop never believed in Life Insurance . . . so there Isn't any!



Why, Myke Stoned . . . my favorite smart aleck Detective!

Oh, Myke . . . I'm always insured of a laugh when you show up!

You **KILL** Pop and me with your jokes!

You're joking, Myke, aren't you? Tell me you're joking, Myke!

Ma Casales! my favorite penniless WIDOW!

And that's the ONLY insurance you've got!

From now on, I can only kill **YOU** with my jokes! Somebody already killed Pop with a gun!



No, Ma, I'm afraid this ludicrous dialogue is on the level! But believe me, I'll **GET** the rat that did this!

Because you're too fragile a woman to have to suffer!

Y'know . . . I had some of the best times of my life with you and Pop!

I remember what life was like before I met you two! Dark, bleak, unhappy, and—

Gee, you're so tough.

Gee, you're so sensitive!

Gee, you're so sentimental!

Gee, you're so BORING!!



Find anything, kid?

Nahhh! Mrs. Rouse continues to be no help at all! She picked out four people it could be! Not ONE, but FOUR!

That's okay, Buggie-Boy! Let's just start eliminating! Now, according to these cards, this guy's in jail, so that eliminates him! This guy died two years ago, so it can't be him! And of the two that are left, one guy's a SENATOR, and the other guy's been arrested 5 times for Armed Robbery!



Well, I guess that narrows the field down to one guy!

Right!! We arrest the Senator!!

Hey, haven't you young guys ever heard of respect for authority??!

Hey, haven't you old guys ever heard of Watergate?



Hello!
That's
me!
Yeah!
What's
that?
Okay,
thanks!

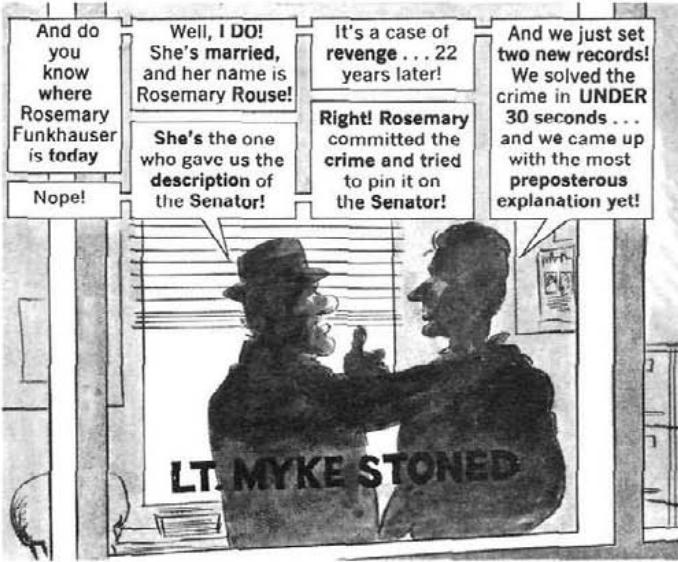
That was the Department of
Motor Vehicles! There's only
one guy in this entire town
who owns a light blue 1963
Ford! Senator Robert Benson!
I—I can hardly believe it!
Why, Senator Benson used to
be my Football Coach! I can
remember back in 1943 . . .

I've got an idea! Let's
arrest someone else for
this crime! Someone you
DON'T KNOW! I realize
we may have to go to a
different city for that,
but it'll be worth it!
At least you won't have
any painful memories!

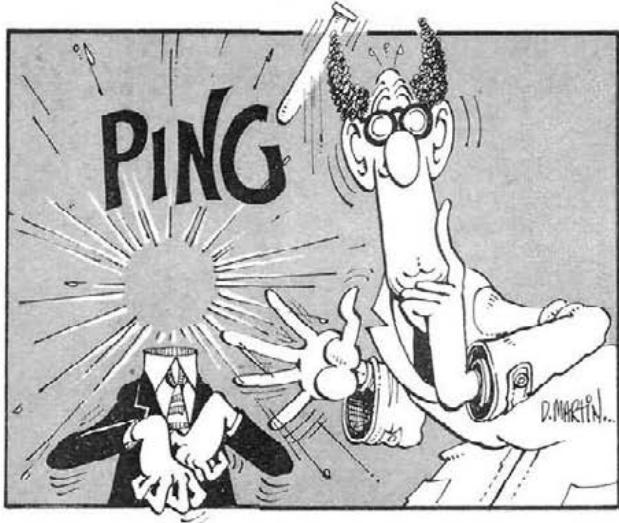
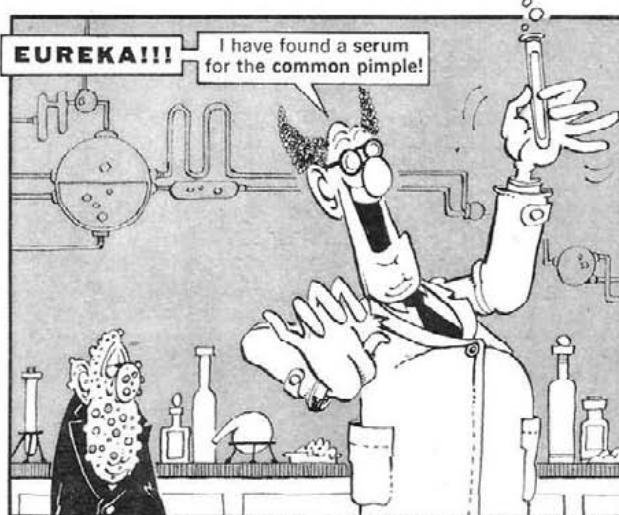
No . . . if Senator
Benson is guilty,
there's nothing
I can do about it!
I'm from the old
"honest" school,
and I will not
pervert the course
of true Justice!

Suppose . . .?
Yes—whatever
it is, YES!
I knew you'd
come up with
a way to hang
this crime on
someone else!

All I'm saying is,
suppose we do one
of our fantastic
brain-storming
sessions like we
do every week . . .
and pull together
all the details
in 30 seconds?



ONE DAY IN A LABORATORY



WHAT IS
THE MOST
EXPLICITLY
TAUGHT
SUBJECT
IN THE WORLD?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Our modern teaching methods have suffered much criticism lately. But one subject is taught extremely well. To find out what that subject is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



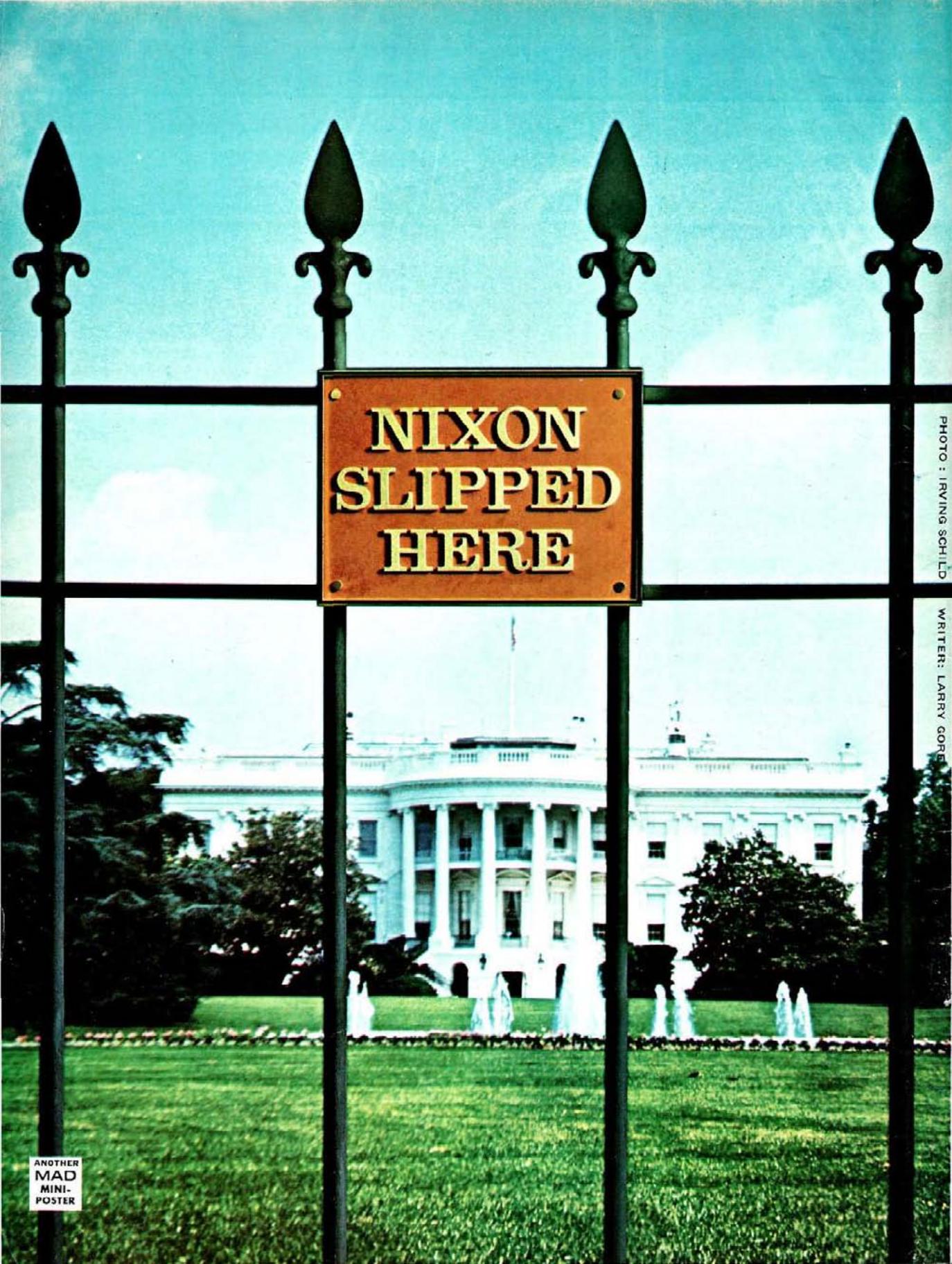
CRITICS ATTACK OUR OUTMODED TEACHING METHODS. SOME
TECHNICAL PROBLEMS EXIST. MOST FACILITIES ARE ANTIQUES
VIABLE ONLY WHEN THEY WERE BUILT. CLASSROOMS OF
TELEPHONE BOOTH SIZE HINDER PROPER STUDENT SUPERVISION

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A

B

Jaffee



NIXON
SLIPPED
HERE